

# CHASING THE BLUES



W

BY

R. L. GOLDBERG.





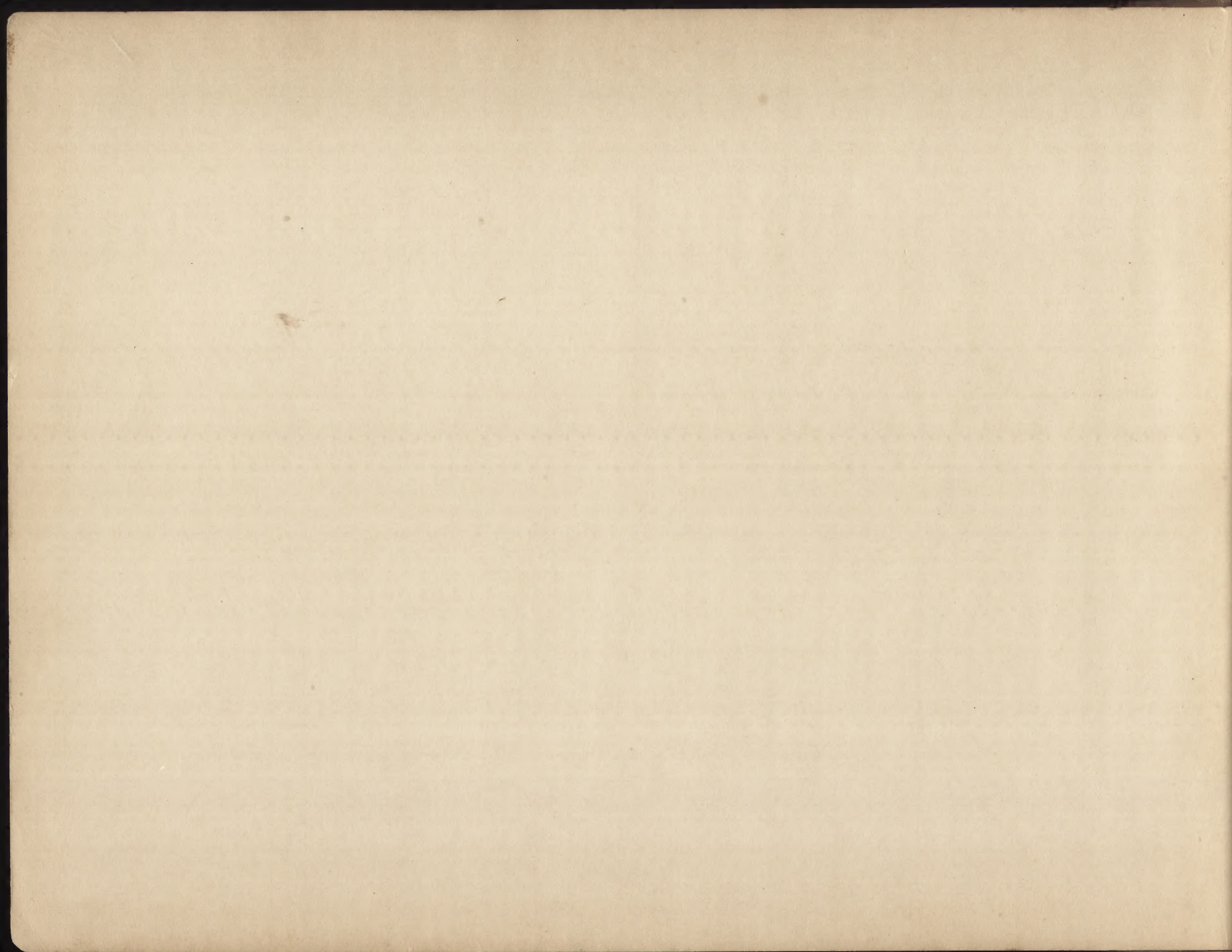


With sincere good wishes  
to Malcolm Douglas

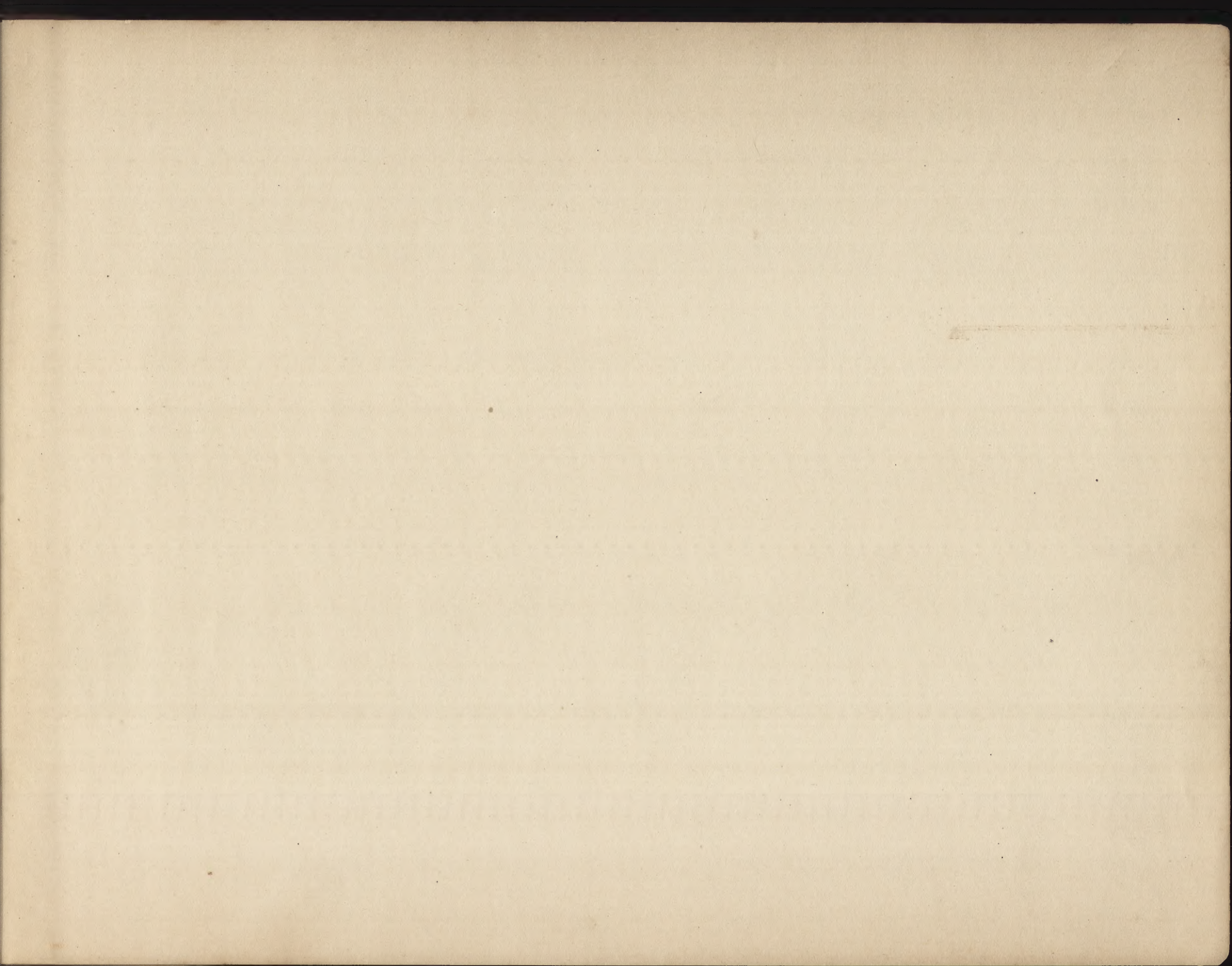
R. G. GORDON.

Sept / 1913











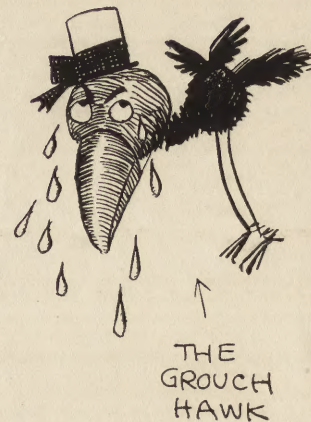
# CLASSIC THE BLUES

*Handwritten signature*

DOUGLASS PAGE & COMPANY  
CARTON CITY, NEW YORK  
1912



# CHASING THE BLUES



BY  
R. L. GOLDBERG

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK  
1912



Copyright, 1912, by  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

Copyright, 1912, by  
R. L. GOLDBERG

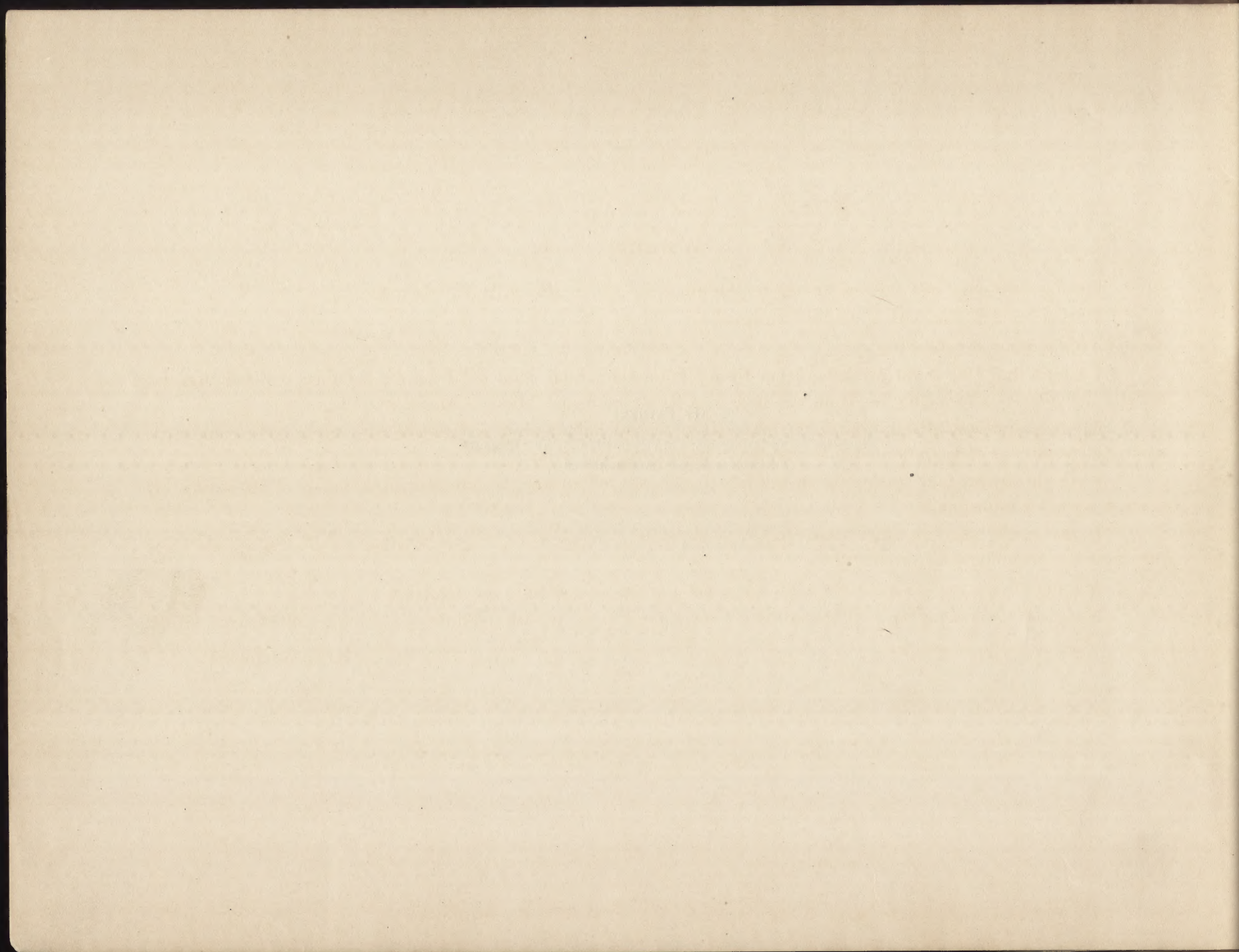
*All rights reserved, including that of  
translation into foreign languages,  
including the Scandinavian*



TO MY FATHER:

Whose love and indulgence are responsible for any measure  
of success I may have achieved.







## Warning!

Let me stop you just a moment before plunging into the depths of this little book.

I must burden you with a terrible confession.

This is not a work of art!

I admit that this truth prevails rather from circumstance than choice. I have long since realized that my artistic deficiencies remove me far from the sphere of Rembrandt and Michael Angelo.

My ever-present realization of the material virtues of kidney stew and gorgonzola cheese has permanently destroyed whatever of the ethereal that may have been born within me.

With this awful fact staring me in the face I have set for myself the not-unpleasant task of drowning my tears in a sea of foolishness.

If, as you glance through these pages, a smile flits across your face, a base-hit will be registered on my subconscious scoreboard of satisfaction.

A touch of art may nourish the soul, but a good laugh always aids the digestion.

Now that we are pretty well acquainted, I feel that it is fairly safe to allow you to brave the hazards within.

R. L. GOLDBERG







## Variola Dustpan Exposes Secrets of the Daffy Banker

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY MISS DUSTPAN PROVES THAT JOSEPH I. ROBBING BREATHES REAL AIR AND TALKS LIKE A HUMAN BEING — ZBYSZKO AND JACK JOHNSON AROUSE HIS ADMIRATION.

"Love — mercy — prunes, altruism, embalming fluid, hysterics, and beauty."

THESE are the secrets of life according to Joseph I. Robbing, the handsome financier, who precipitated the depositors of the Southern Bank of New York into the ocean of despair.

This morning I succeeded in getting the first interview Mr. Robbing has given out since he was last interviewed.

"I see you are here," he said looking at me with his eyes as he ushered me into his handsomely furnished library.

I looked about me in delirious wonderment. As my gaze wandered toward the floor I discovered there a carpet. Yes, a real, regular, the-kind-you-tack-down carpet. The ceiling was tinted in a rich gold, here and there softened with touches of yellow, brown, pink, green, lavender, red, and blue. It was simple, but elegant.

Mr. Robbing asked me to sit down on a chair. This simple request unfolded to me the analytical, far-seeing, technical, poetic, heterogeneous nature of the man. He had asked me to sit on a chair!

I watched him critically as he inhaled the air which naturally filled the room. He was indeed an all-power-

ful captain of finance. He had two eyes, directly underneath the intersection of which was a nose — a regular nose. A short, stubby moustache — the kind worn by Ossip the First, ruler of the Sausage-ites during the last half of the second century Anno Domini — reposed gracefully beneath the nasal appendage.

My close observation of human nature led me to believe that a mouth was hidden there in the complex underbrush. My premonition proved true later on when he spoke.

"Um," I ventured to say by way of drawing him out into a subconscious interview.

He moved his foot which was covered with a shoe.

"Yes," he reiterated after a slight pause of three hours, "I believe that Jack Johnson could have defeated any of them in his best days."

The oracle — the man who dug his hand into the ash-can and pulled up a million — had spoken. I heard him with my ears!

"Do you think it pays to peddle the bunk?" I timidly asked him as he carelessly tossed a hundred thousand dollars to the crowd of officers in the street below.



"I think," he answered, his frank eyes still remaining above his nose, "that Abe Attell is greater in many respects than Shakespeare. I have looked over every page of Shakespeare's record and have not discovered a single K. O."

The reflection brought to my mind the beautiful lines from the great bard's masterpiece,

THE OYSTER LOAF:

The sun is in the heavens  
The air is in between,  
The earth is underneath us,  
And the ocean's wet I ween;  
There's always lots of weather,  
There are branches on the trees.  
I guess I'm going daffy,  
I'm an awful piece of cheese.

I could not resist the temptation of asking Mr. Robbing the vital question "What do you think of our American women?"

He did not hesitate an instant. Naïvely placing one word after another, he said: "Zybszko, the Polish plasterer, is a fine example of what three square meals a day can do for a man. I am told he lives solely on carpet tacks and herring. His waist is a classic."

Still noting that Mr. Robbing's nose was situated between his eyes and his moustache, I went out into the night.

I was a better being for having talked with a great man.

In the words of Zodiac the Russian pipe-fitter; "Umsopagus gazish."





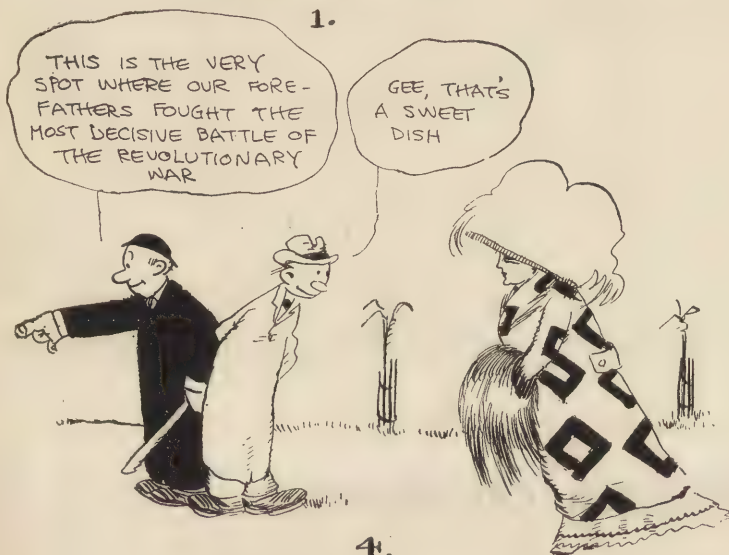
1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.

YES, TRAVEL IS A GREAT EDUCATION FOR A YOUNG MAN







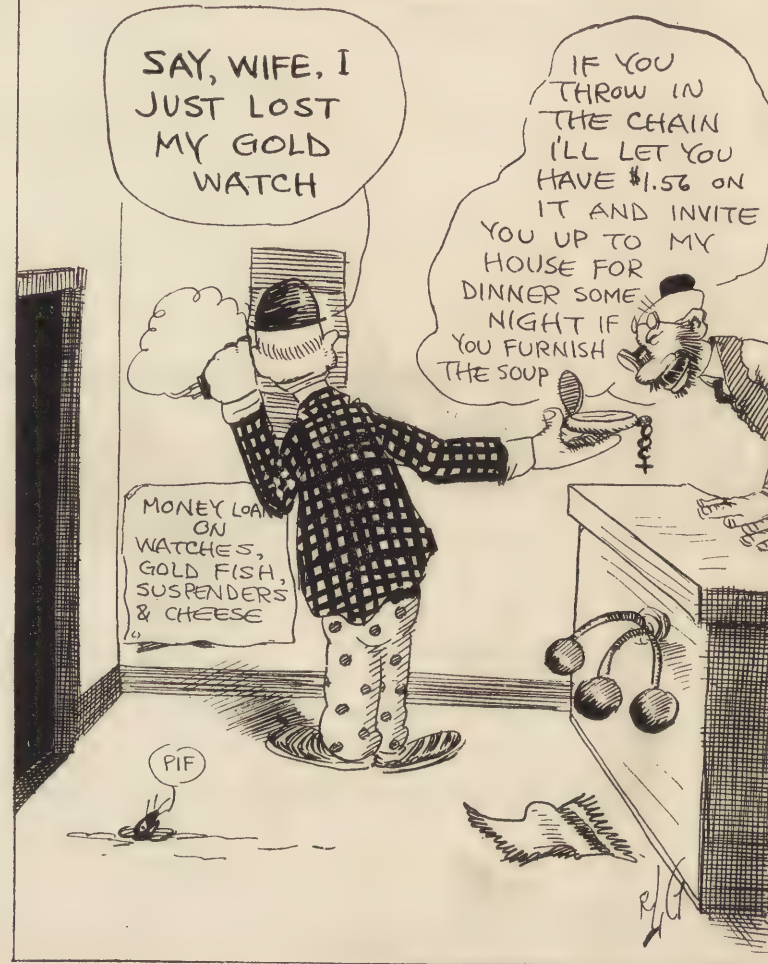


WHAT ARE **YOU** KICKING ABOUT?



**T**HINK OF THIS POOR DEAF AND DUMB  
GAZINK WHO CAN'T EVEN YELL  
FOR HELP!

## TELEPHONIES



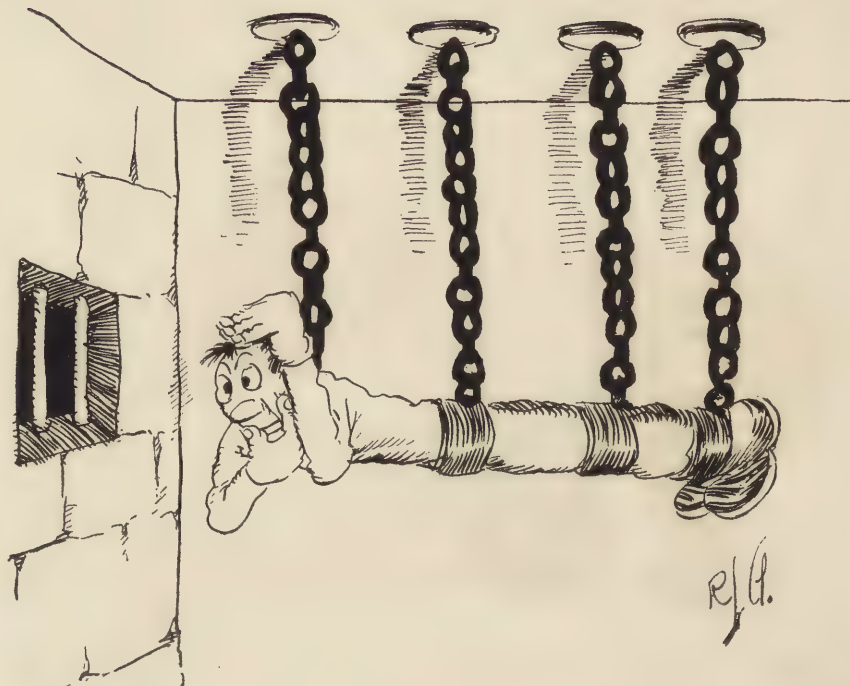


WHAT ARE **YOU** KICKING ABOUT ?



**T**HINK OF THE POOR STENOGRAPHER  
WHO HAS TO SIT AROUND ALL DAY AND  
TAKE DICTATION FROM THIS TERRIBLE  
SCARECROW !

WHAT ARE **YOU** KICKING ABOUT ?

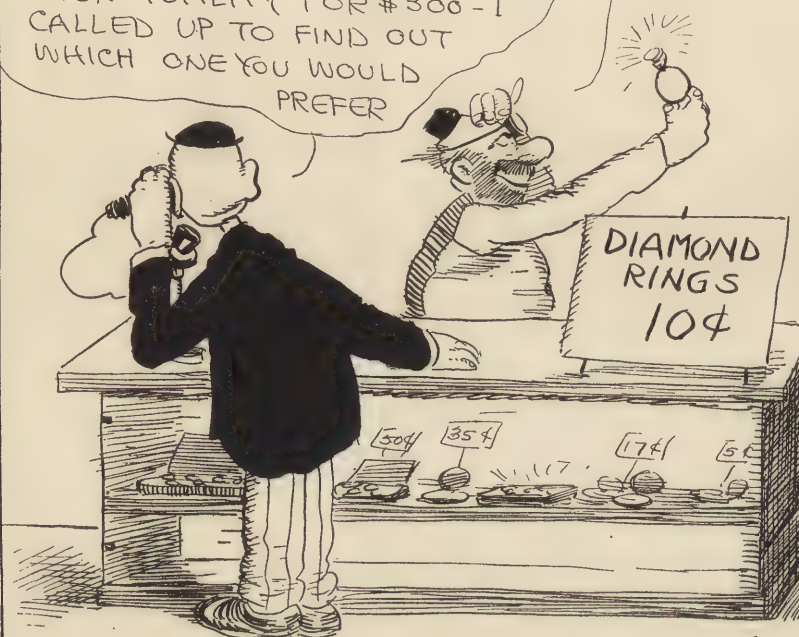


**T**HINK OF THIS POOR BUG WHO IMAGINES  
HIS WIFE'S MOTHER HAS COME TO SPEND  
THE REST OF HER LIFE WITH HIM !

# TELEPHONIES

HELLO, DEAR- I'M  
DOWN HERE AT  
STIFFANY'S SELECTING  
AN ENGAGEMENT RING  
FOR YOU- HE HAS A TWO-  
KARAT STONE FOR \$350 AND  
A ONE-KARAT STONE OF  
FINER QUALITY FOR \$300- I  
CALLED UP TO FIND OUT  
WHICH ONE YOU WOULD  
PREFER

THEY LOOK  
MORE LIKE  
REAL  
DIAMONDS  
THAN  
DIAMONDS  
THEMSELVES



R/G

# TELEPHONIES

MY HUSBAND NEVER ALLOWS  
ME TO DO ANY OF MY OWN  
HOUSE-WORK - HE INSISTS  
UPON ME HAVING TWO  
OR THREE MAIDS AROUND  
ALL THE TIME



R/G



## TELEPHONIES



## CHAMBER OF HORRORS

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS WHILE WE  
TAKE THIS TURN.

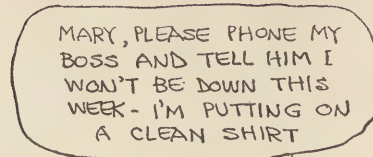
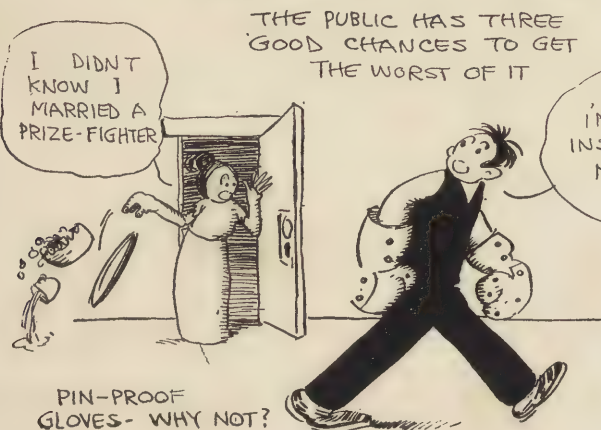
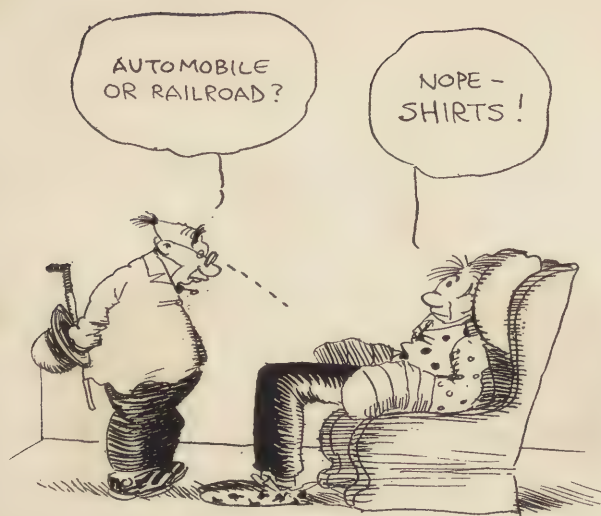


SMILING JACK OZK,  
THE GAS-HOUSE  
COMEDIAN, WHO  
DONATES TODAY'S  
FOOLISHNESS.

WHY IS A  
PERFECTLY-GOOD  
COW THAT WAS  
LEFT TO MOTHER  
BY A DEAR FRIEND  
WHO SHOT HIMSELF  
IN THE ADAM'S  
APPLE WITH A DILL  
PICKLE, LIKE ONE  
OF THE LARGEST  
CITIES IN RUSSIA?

ECHO!- BECAUSE IT'S  
MA'S-COW.

YES, YES, I KNOW ALL -  
BUT THINK OF OUR CHILD!



RUSSIAN BOMB-THROWERS  
HAVE NOTHING ON OUR  
LAUNDRY MEN.

THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD ADAPT THE  
LAUNDERED SHIRT AS AN IMPLEMENT OF WAR

AT ANY RATE, THE LAUNDRIES ARE NOT A BIT STINGY WITH THEIR PINS





THIS IS JUST AS TRUE AS YOU'RE SITTING HERE LOOKING AT IT

## I'M THE GUY

THESE BOOBS  
TALK ABOUT  
EXCITEMENT- WHY,  
I CAN REMEMBER  
WHEN I NOMINATED  
JIM BLAINE FOR  
PRESIDENT.



THE CHEERING  
LASTED FOR  
368 HOURS AND  
THOUSANDS OF MEN  
STARVED TO DEATH  
WAITING FOR A  
CHANCE TO SHAKE  
MY HAND



LITTLE  
SHOE-BUTTON,  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



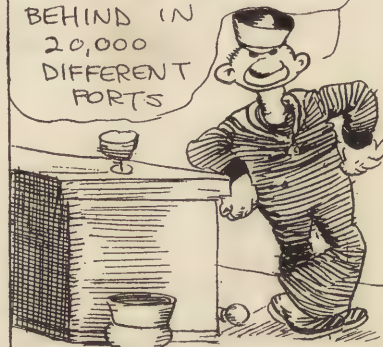
I'M THE  
GUY THAT  
PUT THE  
CON IN  
CONVENTIONS



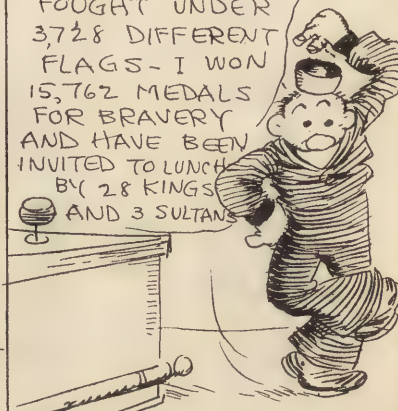
R/G

## I'M THE GUY

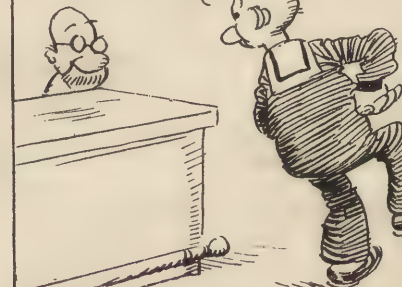
I'VE SAILED ON  
968 DIFFERENT SEAS  
AND OCEANS, HAVE  
LEFT SWEETHEARTS  
BEHIND IN  
20,000  
DIFFERENT  
PORTS



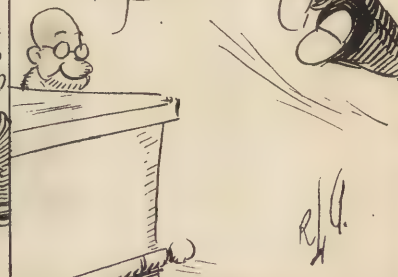
AND I HAVE  
FOUGHT UNDER  
3,728 DIFFERENT  
FLAGS- I WON  
15,762 MEDALS  
FOR BRAVERY  
AND HAVE BEEN  
INVITED TO LUNCH  
BY 28 KINGS  
AND 3 SULTANS



LAND TRASH,  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



I'M THE GUY  
THAT PUT  
THE WATER  
UNDER  
SHIPS



R/G



## The Hat Boy

### A POEM

"Good morning judge," the young man said —  
His face was wan and pale —  
"I don't intend to plead with you  
To let me out on bail;  
My story's short and simple, judge —  
I'm not a common tough."  
He braced himself against a chair  
And pulled his line of stuff.

"The other night I thought I'd like  
To see a cabaret —  
I grabbed my cane and hat and coat  
And went to a café;  
The lights were burning brightly as  
I strolled into the place,  
The world looked very good to me,  
A smile was on my face.

"A little boy in uniform  
Rushed up and grabbed my lid;  
I couldn't for the life of me  
Determine why he did:  
I made a move to go inside —  
The young man blocked my way.  
'You'll have to check your coat,' he said,  
'You wooden-headed jay.'  
He tore the garment off my back,  
And hung it on a hook,  
But I controlled my feeling, though  
I knew he was a crook.

"Again I started for the door.  
He blocked my way again;  
'I must insist,' the villain said,  
'That you give me your cane.'  
He snatched the stick away from me  
And threw it on the floor;  
I could have killed him then and there,  
I felt so awful sore.

"I started for a table then,  
But still he stuck like glue;  
'You'll have to check your undershirt  
And your suspenders, too;'  
He pounced upon my neck and took  
My things away from me,  
The sight that I presented, Judge,  
Was terrible to see.

"But still I hankered for a seat  
Within that gay café,  
Again I made a break to go,  
Again he bid me stay;  
He said, 'You must check everything';  
He grabbed me by the throat —  
Oh, Judge, I couldn't stand for that,  
'Twas then I lost my goat.

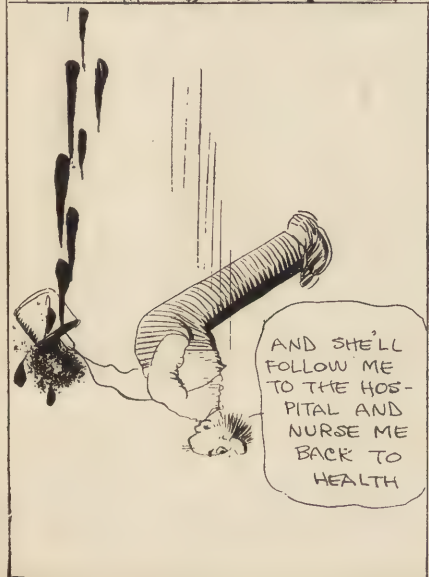
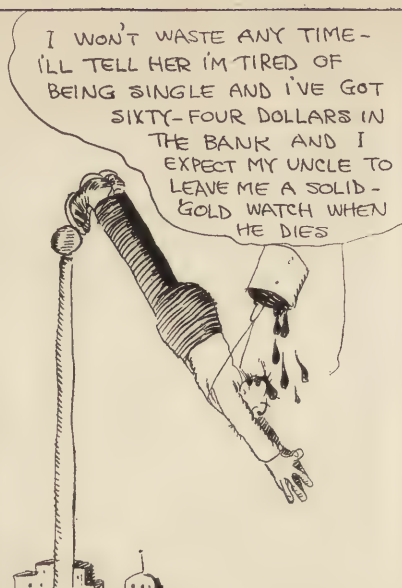
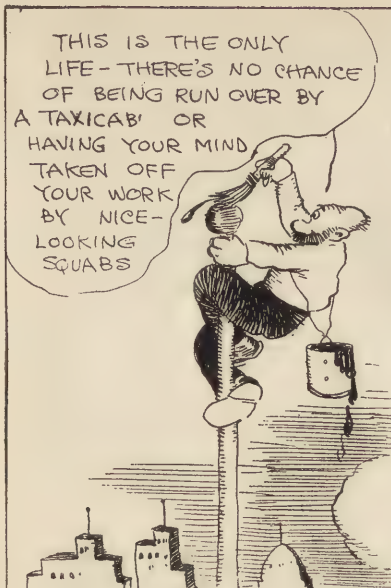
"I up and soaked him on the nose,  
I kicked him in the jaw;  
I threw him up against the wall,  
I tossed him on the floor;  
I pressed a plate of kidney stew  
Against his homely face;  
I dislocated both his ears,  
They looked like Irish lace.

"And when he lay all huddled up,  
A sad and total wreck,  
I pulled out my revolver and  
I shot him in the neck."

The judge looked at the pale young man —  
His eyes were filled with tears.  
"Discharged!" he said. "Your noble work  
Will live for years and years!"





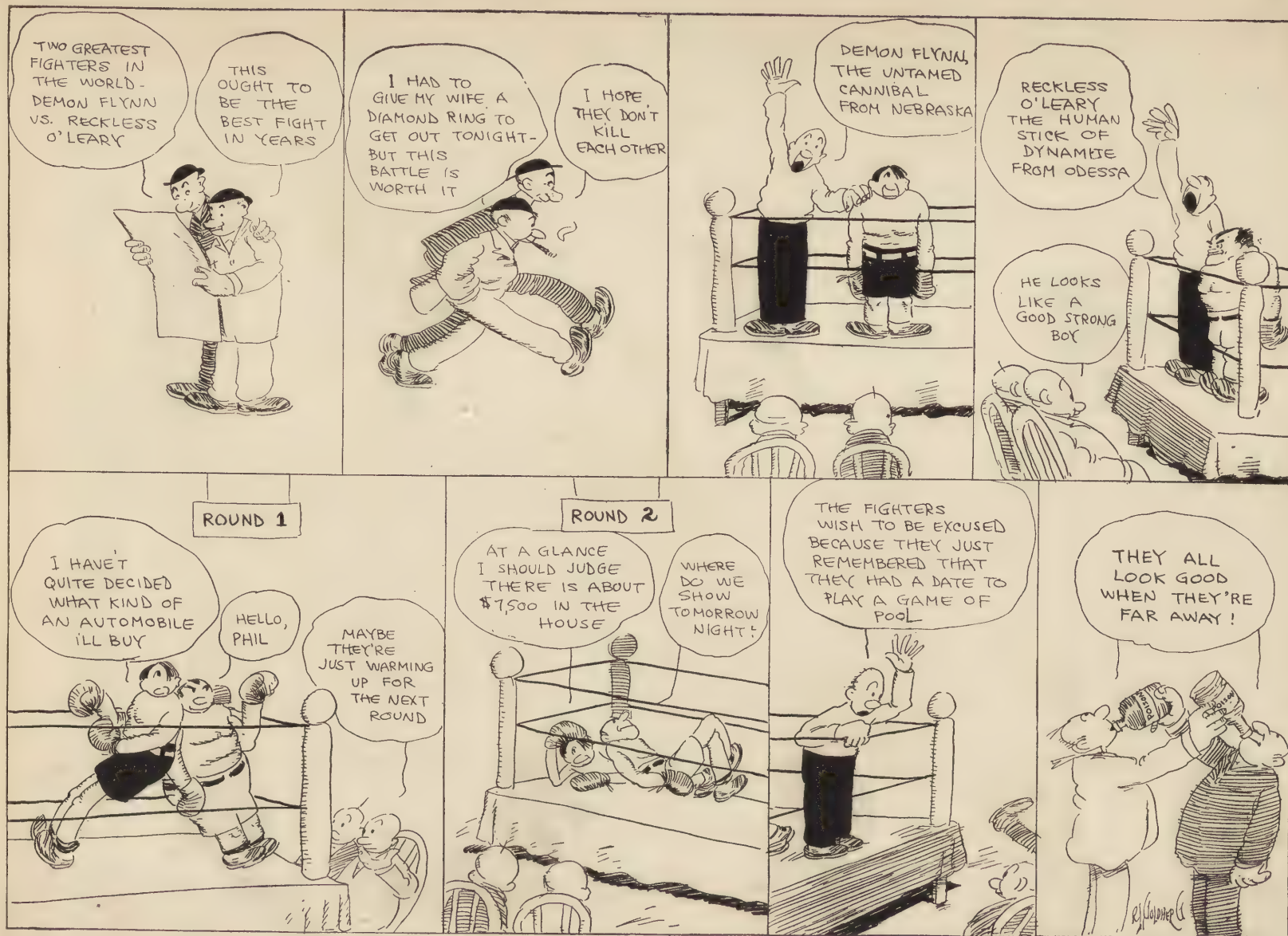


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!



THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!



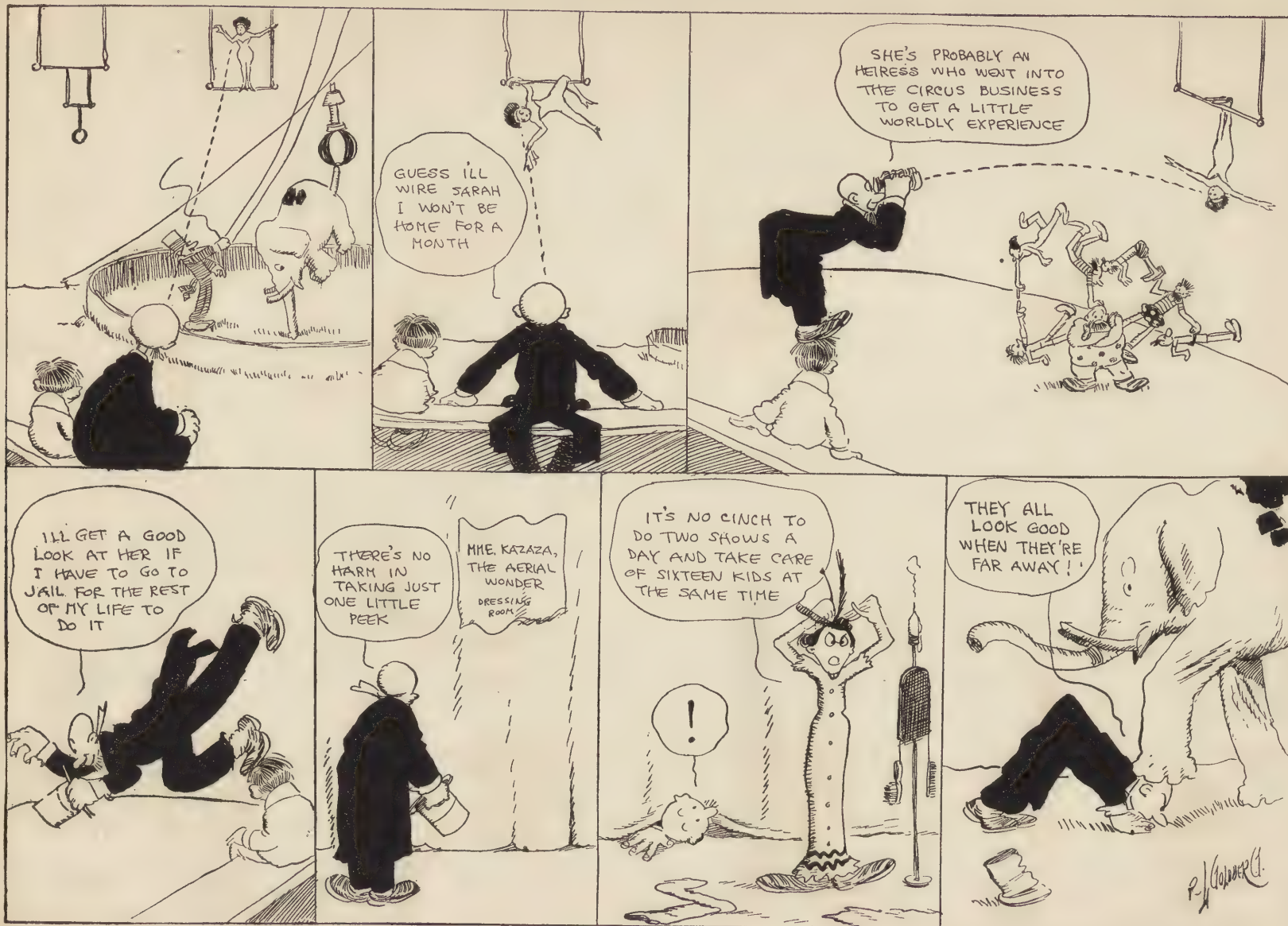


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!

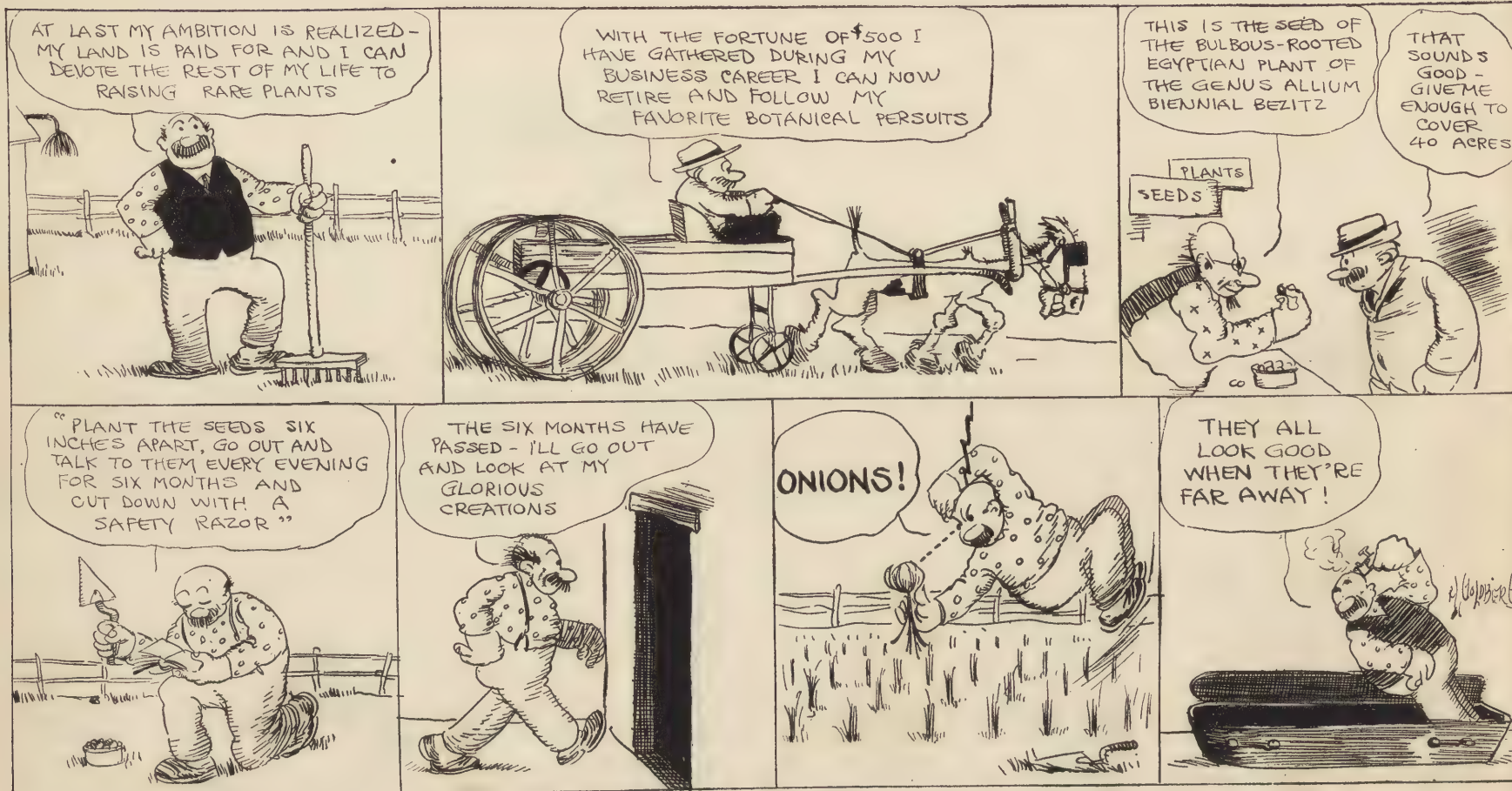


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY



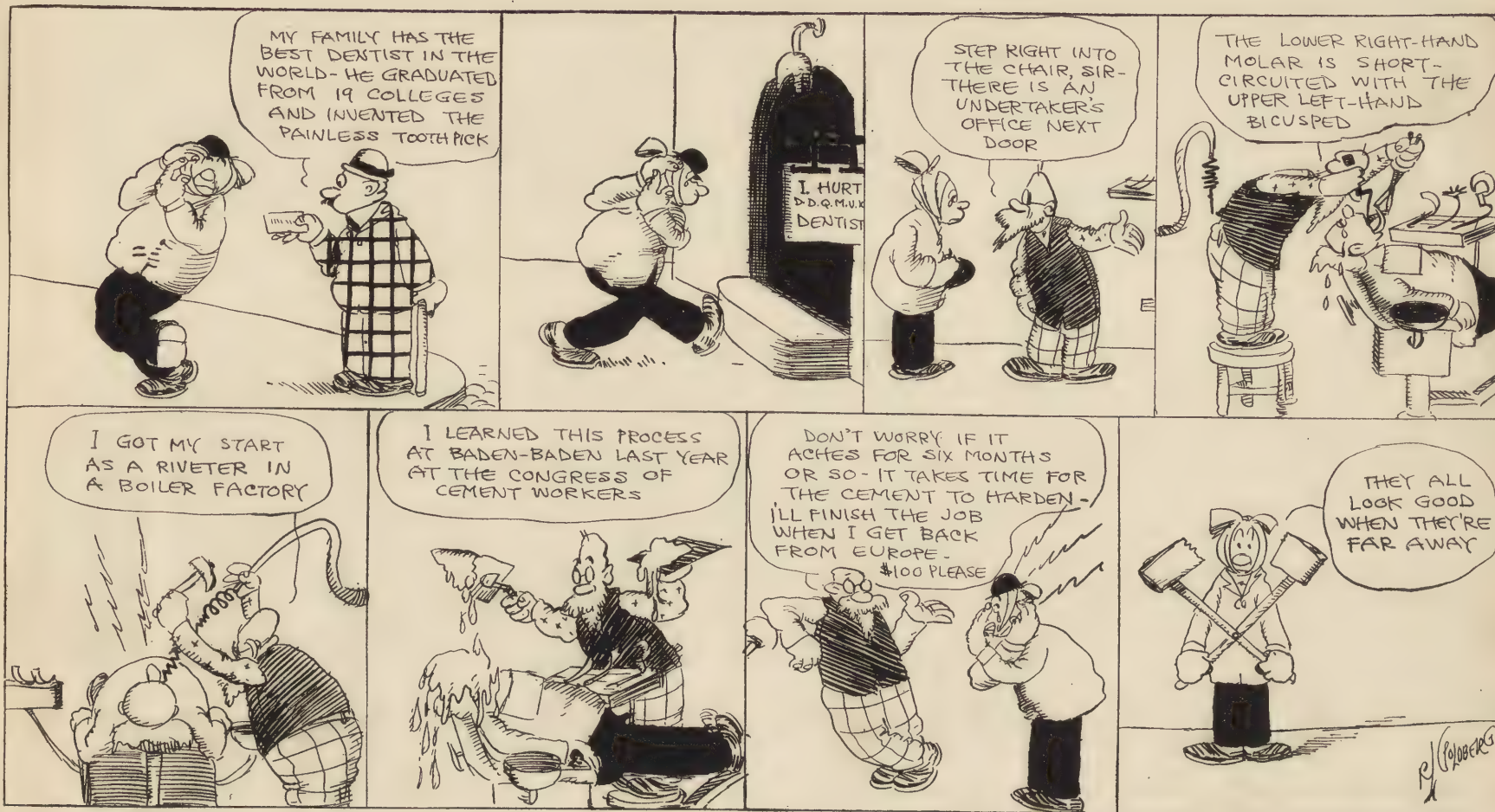


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!

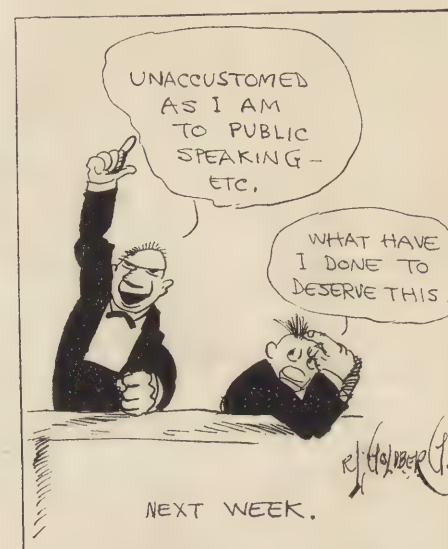
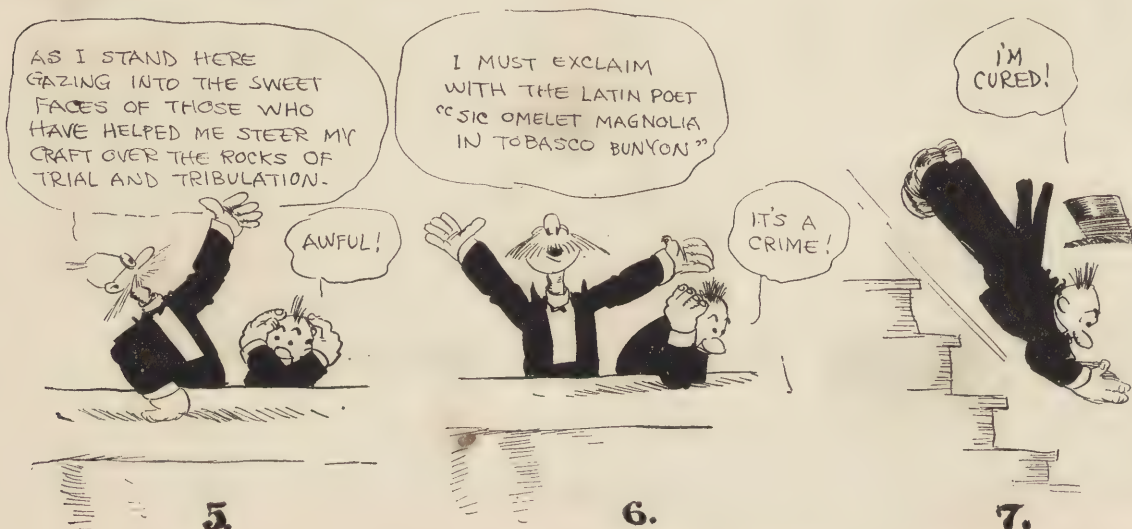
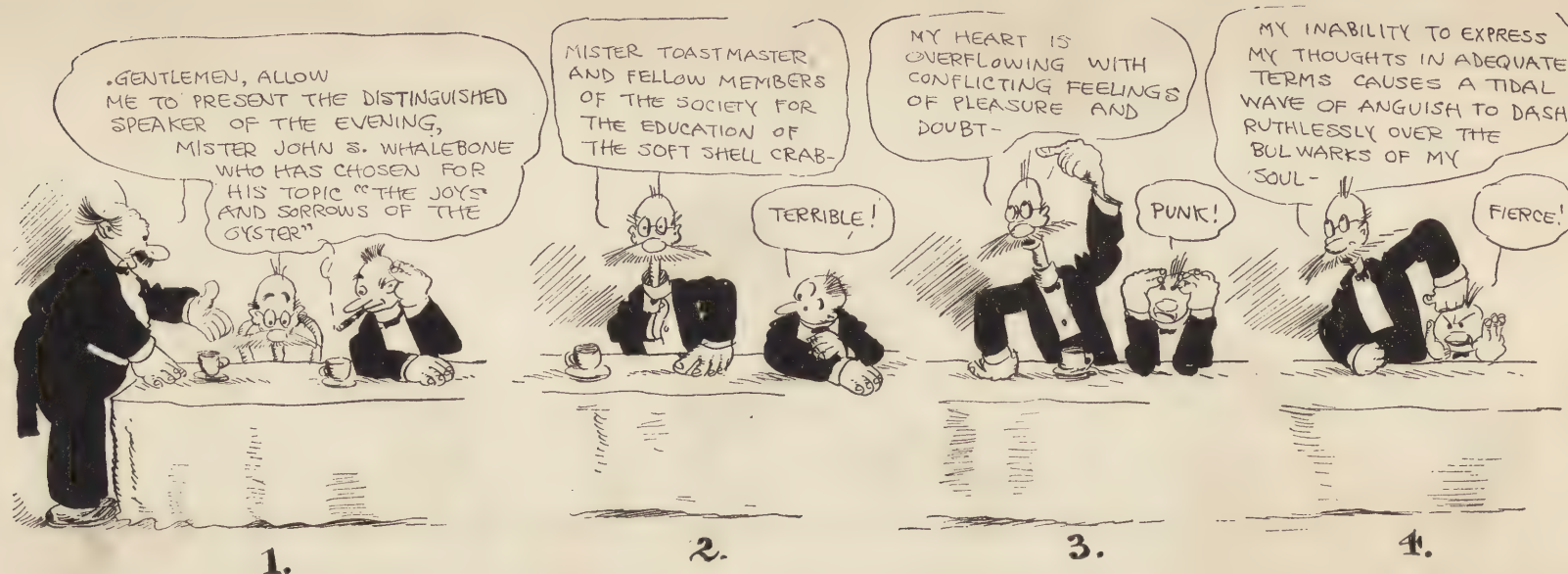


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!





THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!



THEY ALWAYS COME BACK FOR MORE





IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW



AN ELEVATOR BOY HAS MORE TO REMEMBER THAN THE STAR OF A SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY



## Ads Upon The Sporting Page Just at Present all The Rage

His work was o'er, he grabbed his hat and blew into the street. He jumped upon a trolley car to rest his weary feet. He paid his fare and opened wide the *Daily Evening Rage*, to feast his eyes on all the news upon the sporting page. He doted on athletics, and he went to every fight; he pondered over baseball dope from morning until night.

So he was very anxious just to cast his eagle eye upon the page that tells of every pugilistic guy. And, as we said before, my child, he opened wide the sheet to soothe his nerves with fighting news and have a baseball treat.

And this is what he gazed upon with sad and weary eye. He smote his chest and pulled his hair and heaved a heavy sigh.

A picture of a lemon pie adorned the sporting page. On either side appeared a bunch of boobs within a cage. The picture was supposed to be a thing to make you laugh and of the good old sporting page it occupied one half.

And in the southeast corner there appeared an ad which read, "We offer special prices to the dying and the dead. We're selling coffins very cheap, so hurry up

and die — our shrouds are very stylish and our prices are not high."

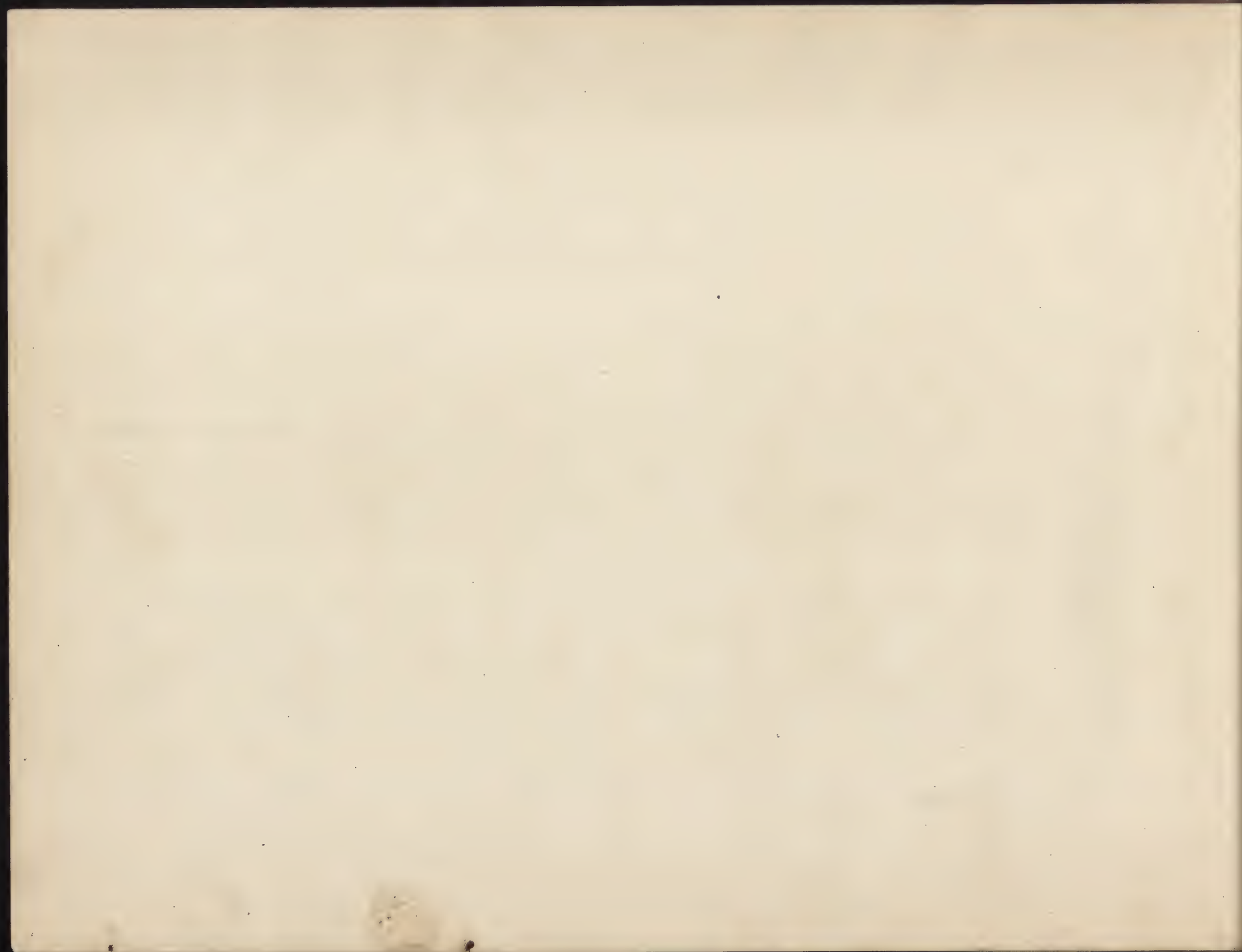
And in the other corner of this page of sporting news appeared in flaming letters, "We can cure you of the blues! Take Doctor Dope's advice, my friend, and buy his purple pills. They cure the grip and colic and a million other ills."

Right next to this there was an ad for vests and coats and shirts. "For cheap and nobby things to wear go down to Philip Wurtz." And underneath the reader saw a list of billiard joints where he could play for twenty cents a game of fifty points.

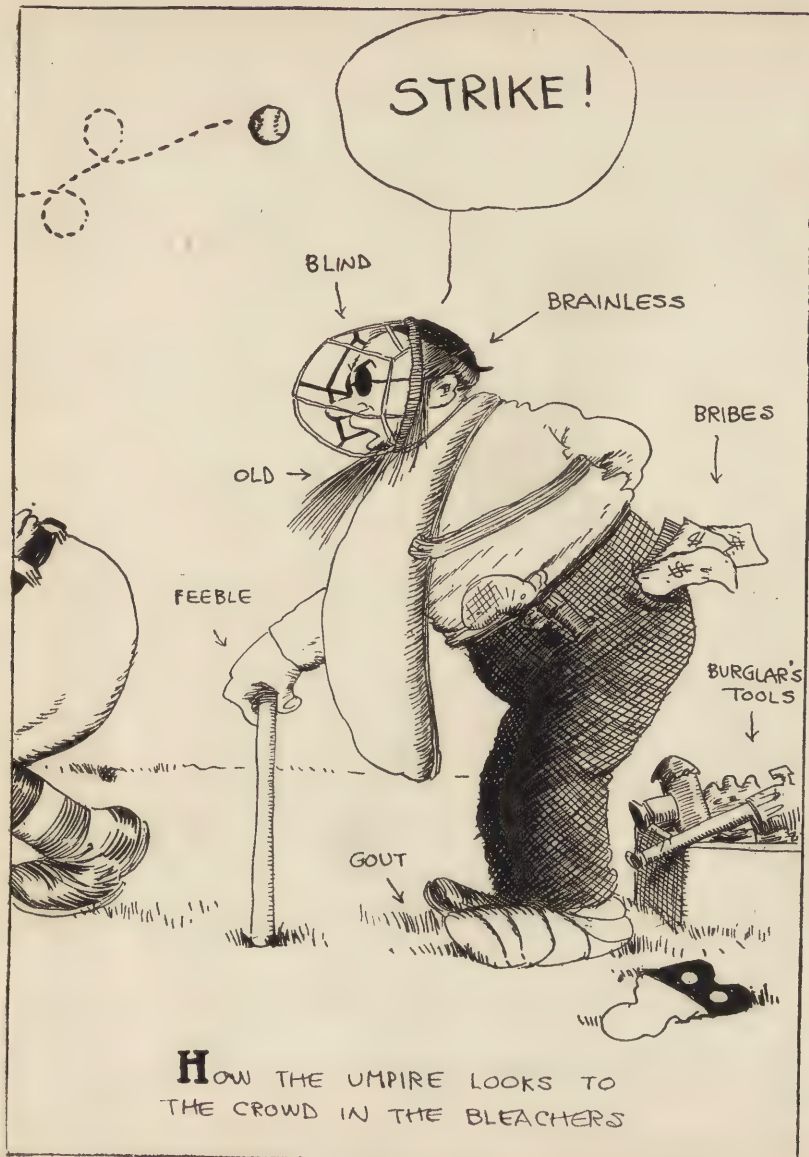
Our hero's eyes grew dimmer still. He brushed away a tear, when in his search for sporting news he read, "Drink Rummy's Beer!"

He read about bananas and he read about the croup; he read, "Go down to Coney if you wish to loop the loop."

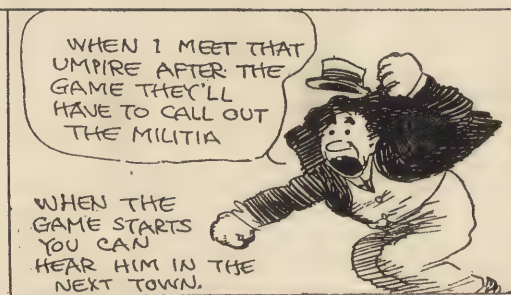
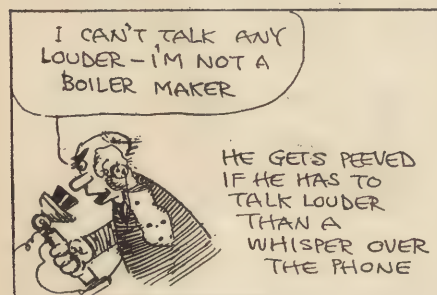
In vain he looked for just a word of real old baseball news; in vain he looked to see what pug would win his fight or lose. He couldn't even find the date — alack and still alas! He went straight home, rushed to his room, and then turned on the gas!





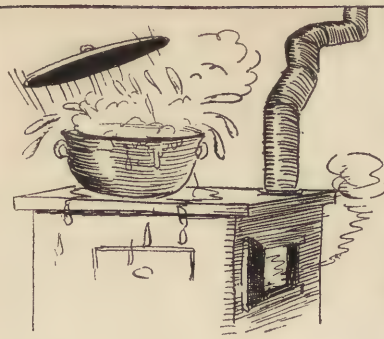


IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW

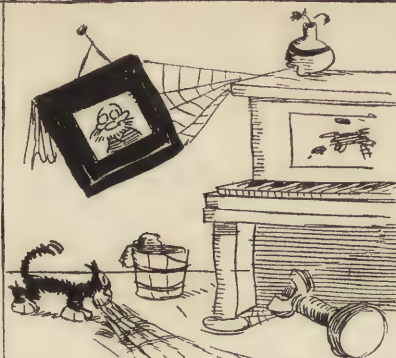


IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN YOU'RE SITTING IN THE BLEACHERS





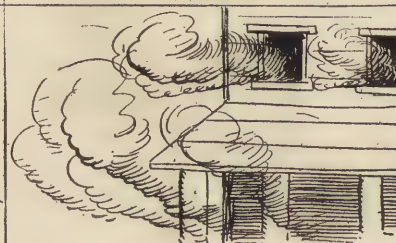
THE SOUP IS BOILING OVER -



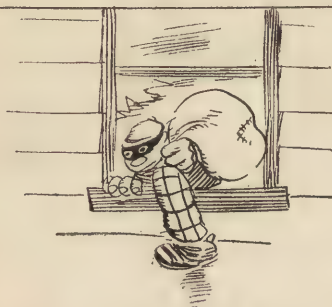
THE PARLOR LOOKS LIKE A JUNK SHOP -



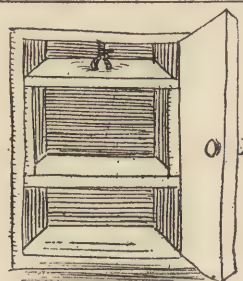
THE BABY IS STARVING -



THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE



ALL THE SILVERWARE HAS BEEN STOLEN -



AND THERE'S NO MILK ON THE DUMB WAITER

# THE ANSWER

THERE WERE TWO MEN ON THIRD WHEN THE BATTER SNEEZED AND BLEN THE BALL INTO A CIRCUS PARADE THAT HAPPENED TO BE PASSING - IT LANDED IN A LION'S MOUTH AND THE UMPIRE CALLED THE BATTER OUT

IF A MAN KILLS AN UMPIRE HE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO GO FREE ON THE UNWRITTEN LAW

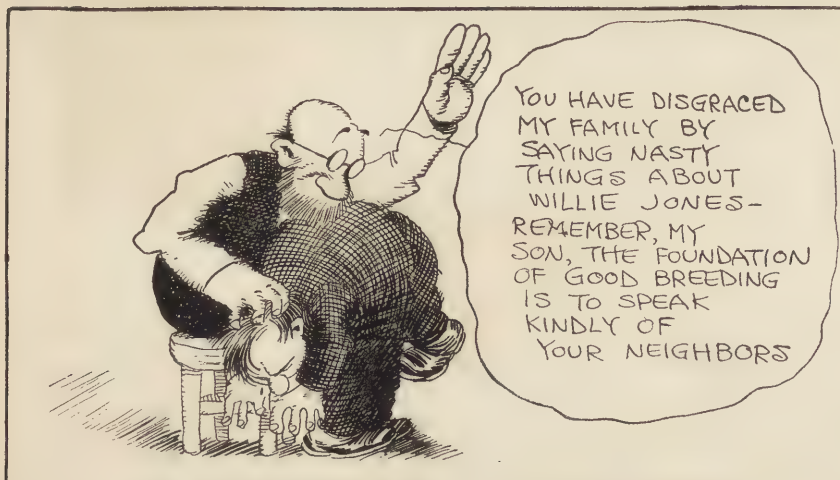
I DON'T SEE WHY A GOOD PITCHER SHOULDN'T EARN AS MUCH AS THE PRESIDENT

THEY OUGHT TO PASS A LAW PROHIBITING PEOPLE TO WORK MORE THAN ONE DAY A WEEK DURING THE BALL SEASON



# THE ANSWER

IF BASEBALL INTERFERES WITH YOUR WORK, DON'T WORK



YOU HAVE DISGRACED  
MY FAMILY BY  
SAYING NASTY  
THINGS ABOUT  
WILLIE JONES-  
REMEMBER, MY  
SON, THE FOUNDATION  
OF GOOD BREEDING  
IS TO SPEAK  
KINDLY OF  
YOUR NEIGHBORS



IT GRIEVES ME  
DEEPLY TO THINK  
THAT A SON OF  
MINE SHOULD  
SPEAK HARSHLY  
OF WILLIE SMITH,  
ONE OF HIS  
PLAYMATES- YOU  
HAVE BROUGHT  
SHAME INTO  
MY HOUSEHOLD



JONES IS AN  
UNPRINCIPLED, VILLAINOUS,  
GRASPING, WICKED LIAR!  
HE WOULD POISON HIS  
OWN GRANDMOTHER  
TO GAIN A  
DISHONEST VOTE

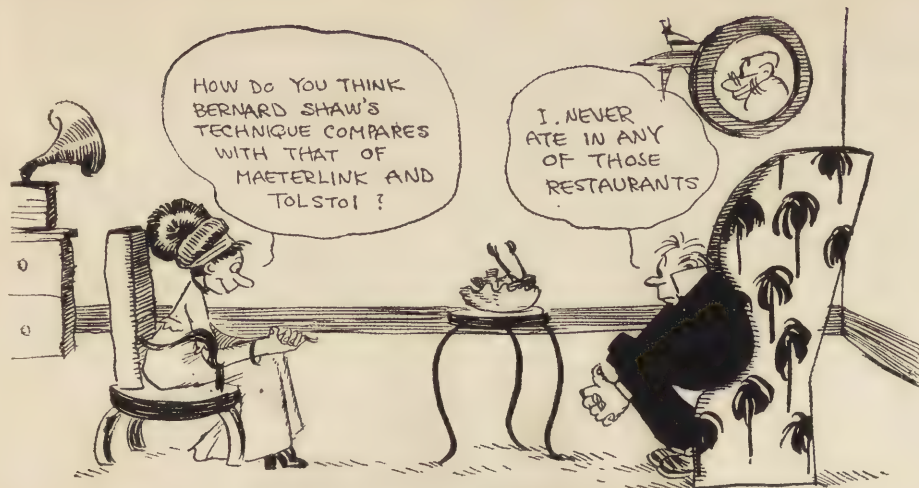


SMITH IS NOT FIT  
TO WIPE THE MUD  
OFF MY SHOES - HE  
IS A THIEVING,  
MURDEROUS, GREEDY,  
TRUST-DRIVEN CROOK -  
HE WOULD BE DOING  
THE COUNTRY A GREAT  
FAVOR IF HE TOOK A  
BRODIE OFF A 40-STORY  
BUILDING

WHEN OLD MAN SMITH AND OLD MAN  
JONES RUN FOR OFFICE ON OPPOSING  
TICKETS.

POLITICS COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS

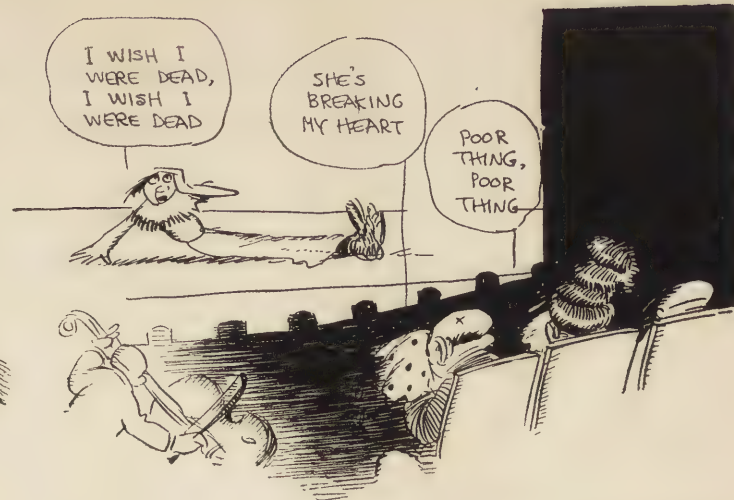




HOW DO YOU THINK  
BERNARD SHAW'S  
TECHNIQUE COMPARES  
WITH THAT OF  
MAETERLINK AND  
TOLSTOI ?

I NEVER  
ATE IN ANY  
OF THOSE  
RESTAURANTS

YOU'LL STALL AWAY A WHOLE EVENING  
IN THE PARLOR AND THINK YOU'RE  
ENJOYING IT.

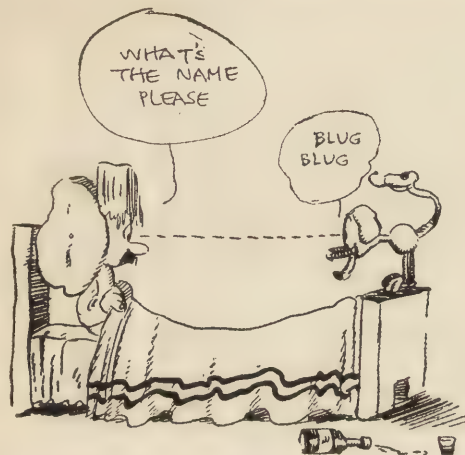


I WISH I  
WERE DEAD,  
I WISH I  
WERE DEAD

SHE'S  
BREAKING  
MY HEART

POOR  
THING,  
POOR  
THING

AN EVENING'S ENJOYMENT  
AT THE THEATRE



WHAT'S  
THE NAME  
PLEASE

BLUG  
BLUG

THIS IS  
CONSIDERED A  
BIG TIME.



YES, I  
ALWAYS TAKE  
WINE WITH  
MY MEALS

BUT BEER  
IS MUCH  
HEALTHIER

HAVING A  
QUIET LITTLE  
MEAL WITH A  
LADY FRIEND AND  
USING ALL YOUR WITS  
TO STEER HER  
AWAY FROM THE EX-  
PENSIVE DISHES.



PLEASURE —  
SQUEEZE YOUR

BEAN IN A HIG HAT,  
TAKE THE MOTH BALLS OUT OF  
YOUR DRESS SUIT, STRANGLE YOURSELF  
WITH A NUMBER-TWELVE  
COLLAR AND GO TO AN  
OPERA THAT INTERESTS  
YOU AS MUCH AS LAST  
YEAR'S SPINACH CROP

I WOULDN'T FEEL  
SO SORE IF I ONLY  
HAD SOMEBODY ALONG  
TO HELP ME  
SWEAR



THIS ALSO COMES UNDER THE  
HEADING OF A GOOD TIME.

AND THIS ALL COMES UNDER THE HEADING OF PLEASURE



A GOOD WAY TO  
CHEER UP A SICK  
FRIEND.



A  
SUBSTITUTE  
FOR WEDDING  
BELLS.



THE COLLEGE  
ATMOSPHERE WOULDN'T BE  
BAD IN THE NECKWEAR DEPARTMENT.



MAYBE  
THIS WOULD HAVE  
SOME EFFECT ON  
THE LANDLADY.

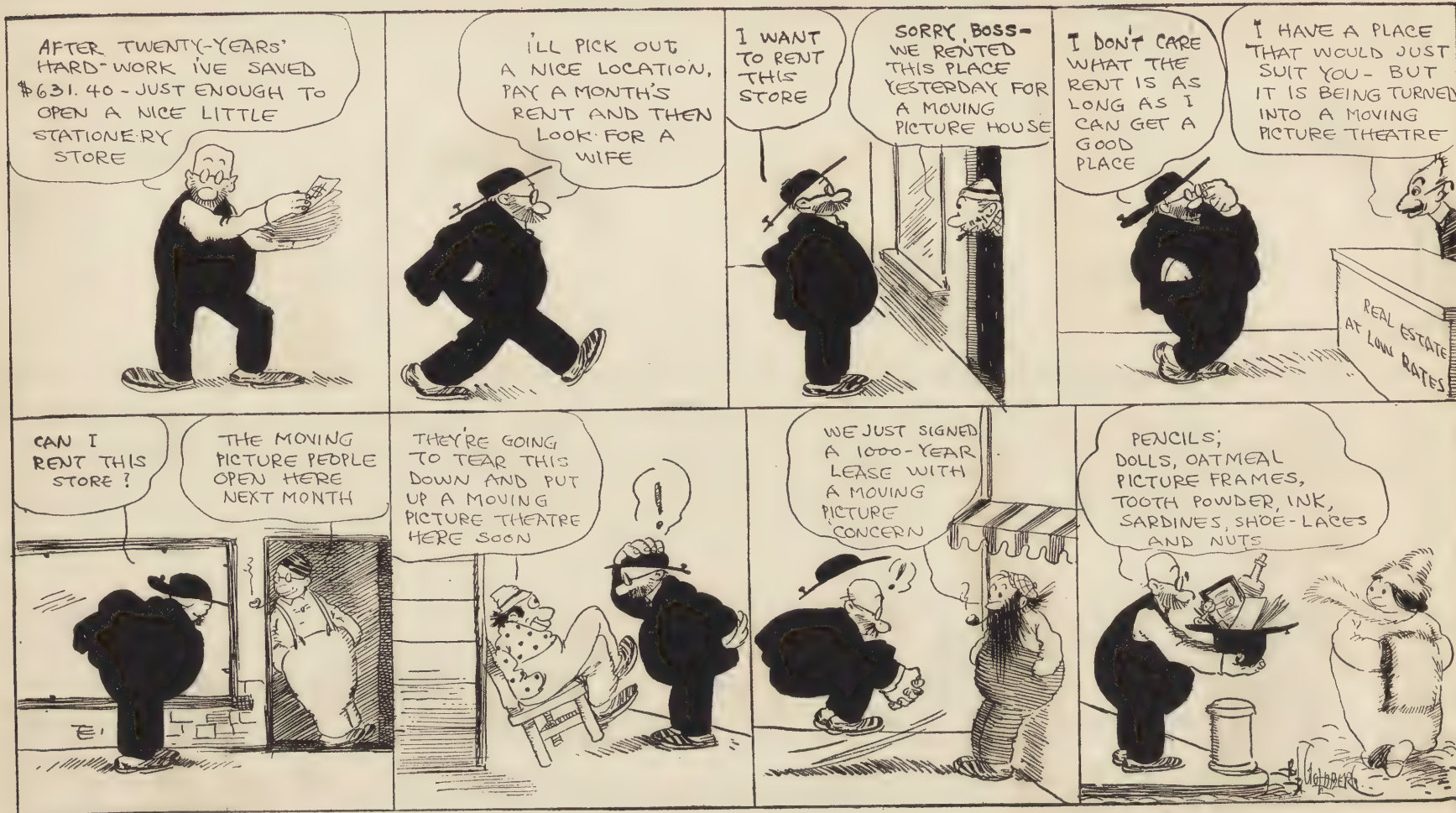
R. J. GOLDBERG

WHY CONFINE THE COLLEGE YELL TO FOOTBALL ALONE?





IT IS PUTTING IT MILDLY TO SAY DELEGATES ALWAYS HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL

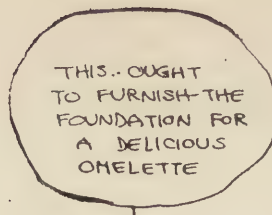


ALL THE WORLD'S A MOVING PICTURE SHOW





TO ONE PORTION OF FURNITURE POLISH ADD THREE TEASPOONFULS OF AXLE GREASE, STIR THOROUGHLY FOR THREE DAYS - THEN TAKE IT OUT FOR A WALK IN THE PARK UNTIL IT BEGINS TO GET PEEVISH ADD A SCUTTLE OF COAL AND SERVE



THIS.. OUGHT TO FURNISH THE FOUNDATION FOR A DELICIOUS OMELETTE

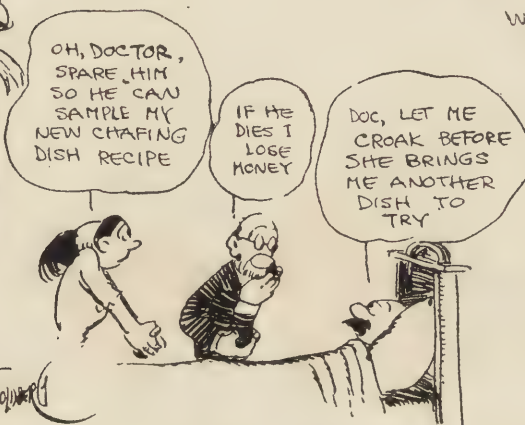
SHE WANTS TO COOK EVERYTHING SHE FINDS LYING AROUND THE HOUSE



IVE DISCOVERED A NEW WAY OF MAKING SALAD FROM BANANA PEELS AND APRON STRINGS

ILL TRY IT TONIGHT AND SURPRISE ANATOLE

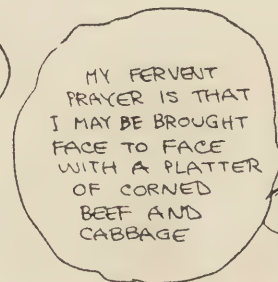
WHERE SENTENCE IS DELIVERED ON THE POOR UNSUSPECTING HUSBANDS.



OH, DOCTOR, SPARE HIM SO HE CAN SAMPLE MY NEW CHAFING DISH RECIPE

IF HE DIES I LOSE MONEY

DOC, LET ME CROAK BEFORE SHE BRINGS ME ANOTHER DISH TO TRY



MY FERVENT PRAYER IS THAT I MAY BE BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH A PLATTER OF CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE

REAL FOOD, REAL FOOD, MY KINGDOM FOR REAL FOOD!

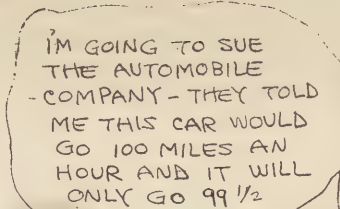
LITTLE DOES JOHN KNOW WHAT TORTURE AWAITS HIM AT HOME AFTER A HARD DAYS WORK

THERE IS A LIMIT EVEN TO A HUSBAND'S PATIENCE - AND DIGESTION

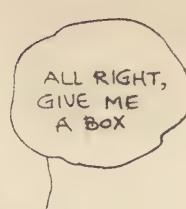
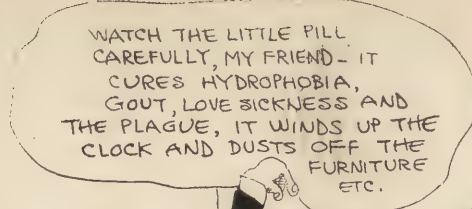
DOES YOUR WIFE GIVE ALL THE NEW RECIPES A TRYOUT, TOO?



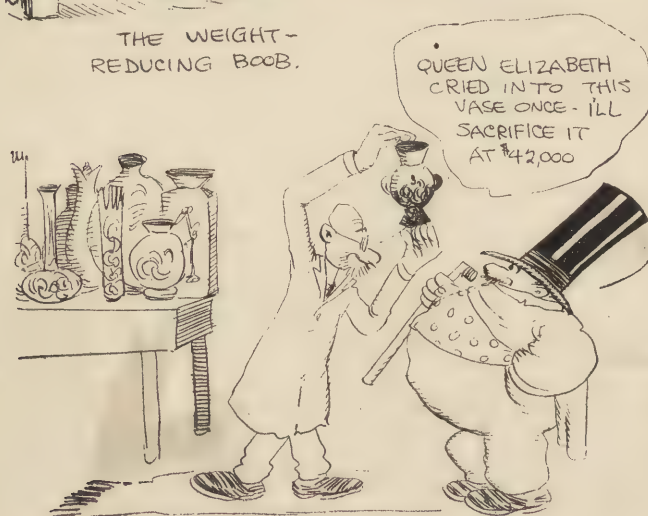
THE WEIGHT-  
REDUCING BOOB.



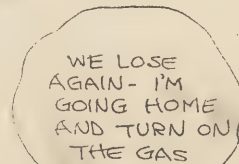
THE SPEED BOOB.



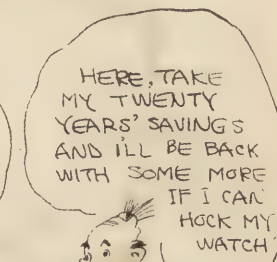
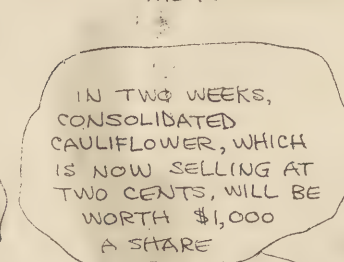
THE ALL-AROUND BOOB



THE ANTIQUE BOOB



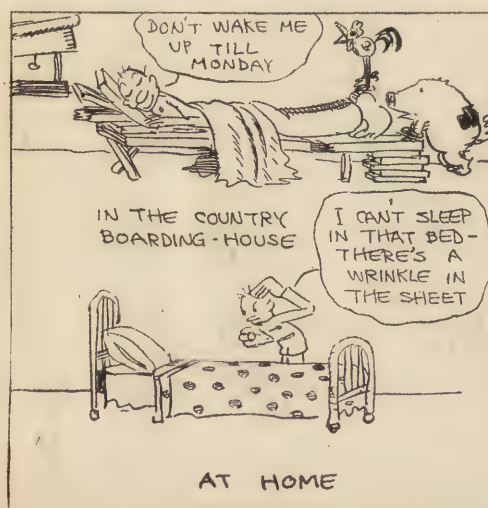
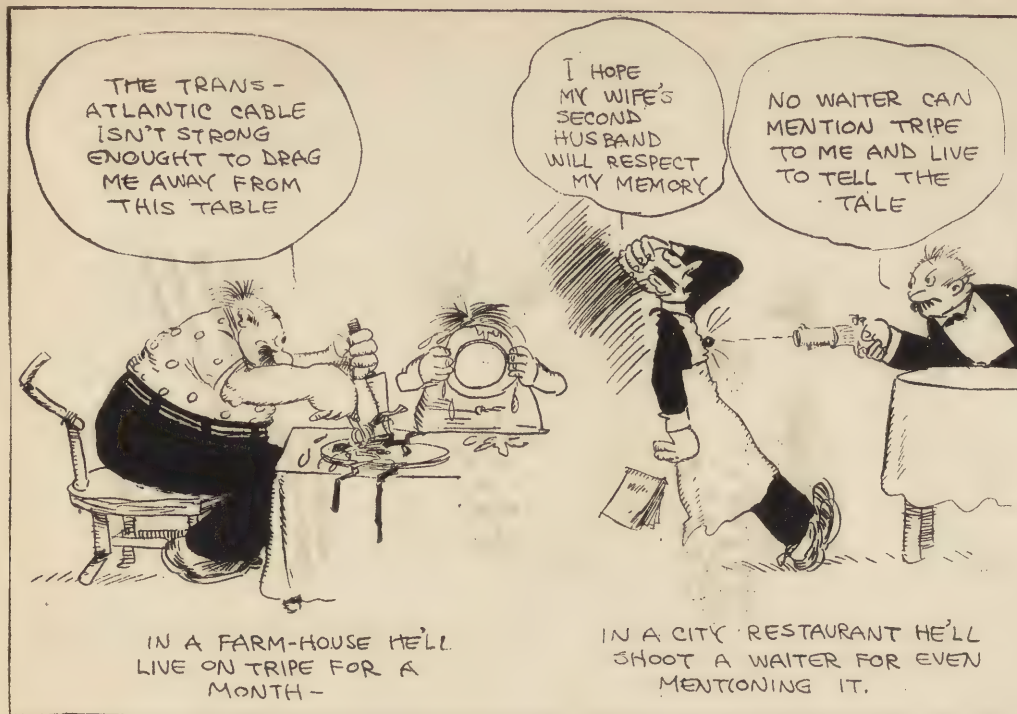
THE BASEBALL  
BOOB



THE WALL ST. BOOB.

ALL THE BOOBS ARE NOT IN THE BOOBY WATCH





IT ALL DEPENDS WHETHER YOU ARE LIVING IN THE CITY OR IN THE SUMMER



THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME — AT A SUMMER HOTEL



## Guy That's Homely as Sin Invariably Gathers in the Tin

Lancelot Smith Is Earning About Thirty-Five Bucks A Day  
And The Handsome Bright Boy Is Selling Garlic And Hay.

Clarence Sylvester Napoleon Jones was handsome and clever and wise; at 8 he knew all of the planets and stars that are located up in the skies; at 10 he could tell you how long it would take to travel from Venus to Mars, and he wouldn't allow his old father to drink or smoke cigarettes and cigars.

### KNEW IT ALL

At 20 he got about forty degrees from the College of Kalamazoo; there was nothing in Latin or Swedish or Greek that this little lad never knew. He spent several years in figuring out just why alligators can't sing, and he knew why a herring is deaf, dumb and blind — in fact, there wasn't a thing that Clarence Sylvester Napoleon Jones didn't know from beginning to end; he could tell you the size of a bumble-bee's nose and why a dill pickle won't bend.

### THE OTHER FELLOW

Lancelot Smith was homely as sin, with a face that would scare away flies; his chin was a yard in front of his nose and his ears were too close to his eyes. He didn't care whether the Fourth of July came seventeen times in a year, and he didn't care whether Columbus came over on water or whiskey or beer. He didn't know why voters go to the polls and he couldn't add

seven and five; he didn't care when he was going away and he didn't care when he'd arrive.

### GETS AWAY WITH IT

He hung a right hook on the school teacher's nose, and he busted his grandfather's slats; he cut up his father's pajamas and shirts and he smashed every one of his hats. He soaked his old uncle a crack on the bean and he walloped the cook on the jaw; he busted an egg on the fat grocer's neck and he chased him out of the store. The people all said he would sure land in jail, he was ignorant, wicked and rough; he'd go to his grave in a hurry 'cause he wasn't made of the right kind of stuff.

Now Clarence Sylvester Napoleon Jones sells onions and garlic and hay; his pay is a dollar and ten cents a week and he works twenty hours a day.

### THE FINALE

And Lancelot Smith makes a thousand a month, as a fighter he's known far and near; he calls himself Tony, the Walloping Wop, and he has an aluminum ear.

And so, as we play the roulette wheel of life, we shouldn't have any regrets, when one fellow loses, the other one wins — we cannot cash all of our bets.





WHEN I STEPPED OFF THE BOAT  
I JUMPED INTO A TAXICAB AND  
RODE ACROSS THE STREET TO TAKE  
IN A MUSICAL COMEDY- WHEN THE  
DRIVER HANDED ME A BILL FOR  
\$ 14.92 I WAS POSITIVE I  
WAS IN AMERICA

PULL IN YOUR  
EARS- YOU'RE  
COMING TO  
A TUNNEL

IT'S TIME TO  
MOVE- YOUR  
CEILING'S  
CRACKED

TELL IT  
TO THE  
EMPEROR  
OF CHINA

ARE YOU SURE  
YOU WERE NOT  
INTOXICATED  
AT THE TIME?

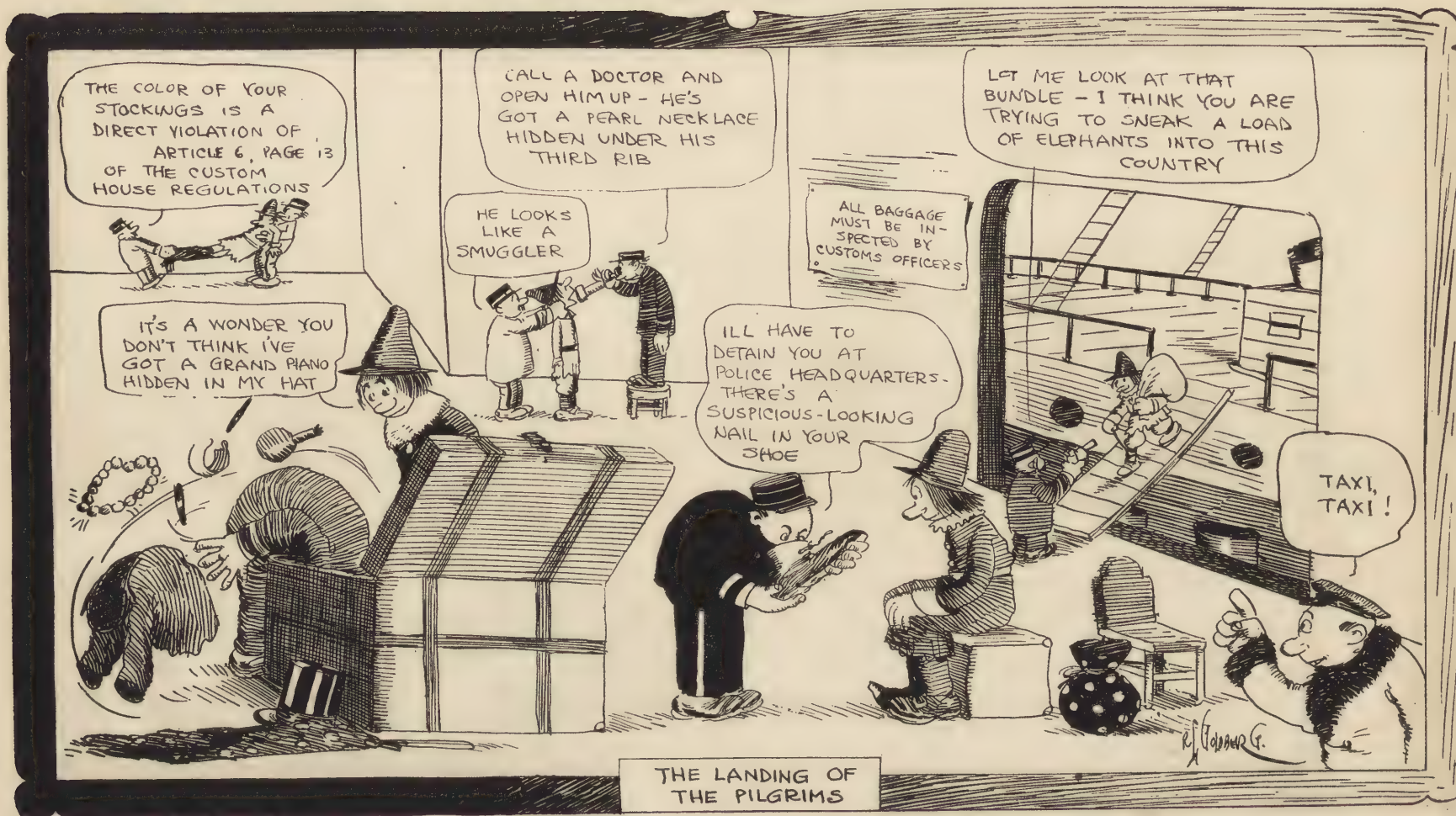
I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
THERE'S ANY  
SUCH PLACE

HE'S SO FAR  
GONE I CAN  
SMELL THE  
FLOWERS ON  
HIS GRAVE

WHERE  
ARE YOUR  
PROOFS?

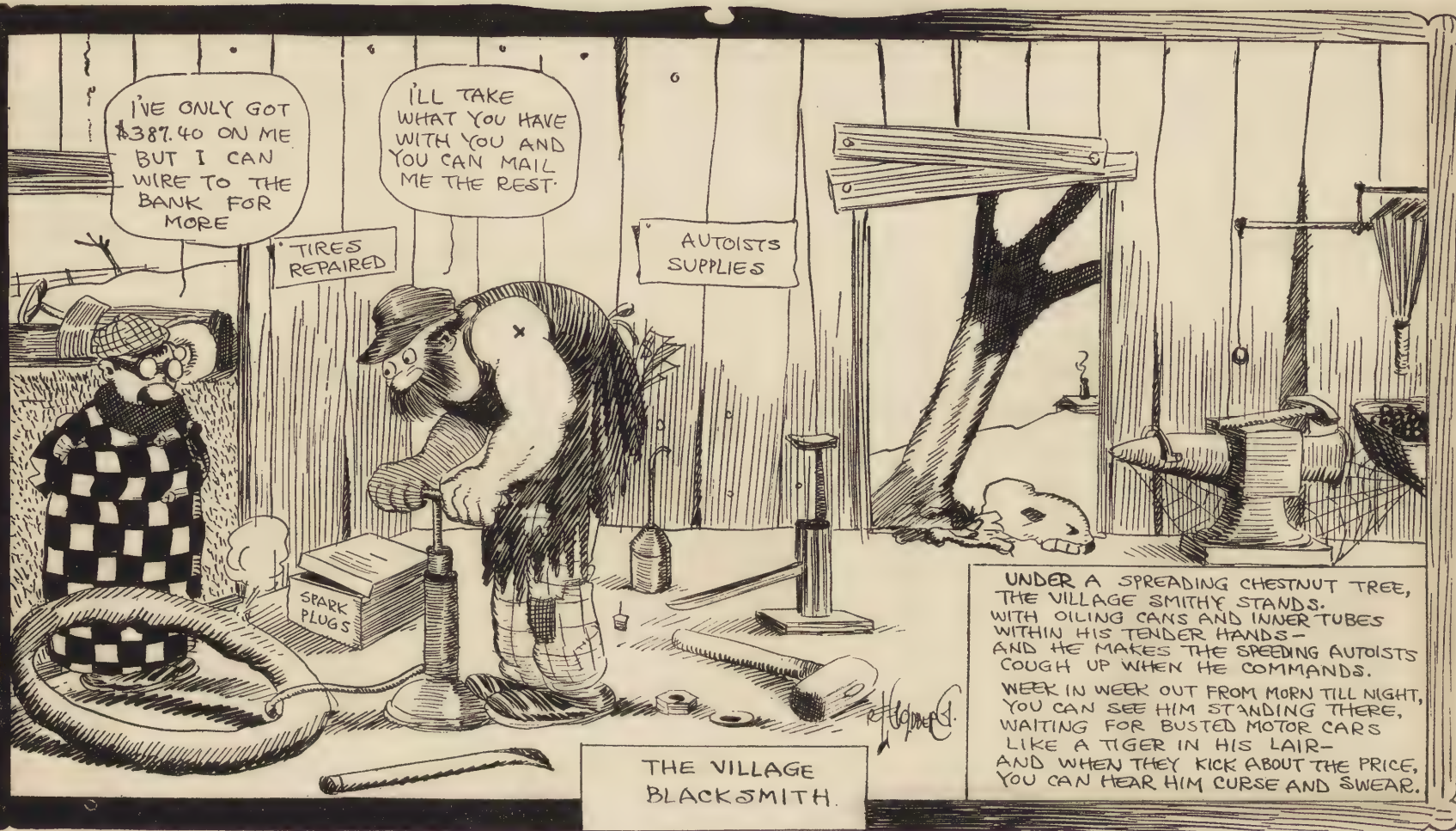
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,  
DISCOVERER OF  
AMERICA

HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME

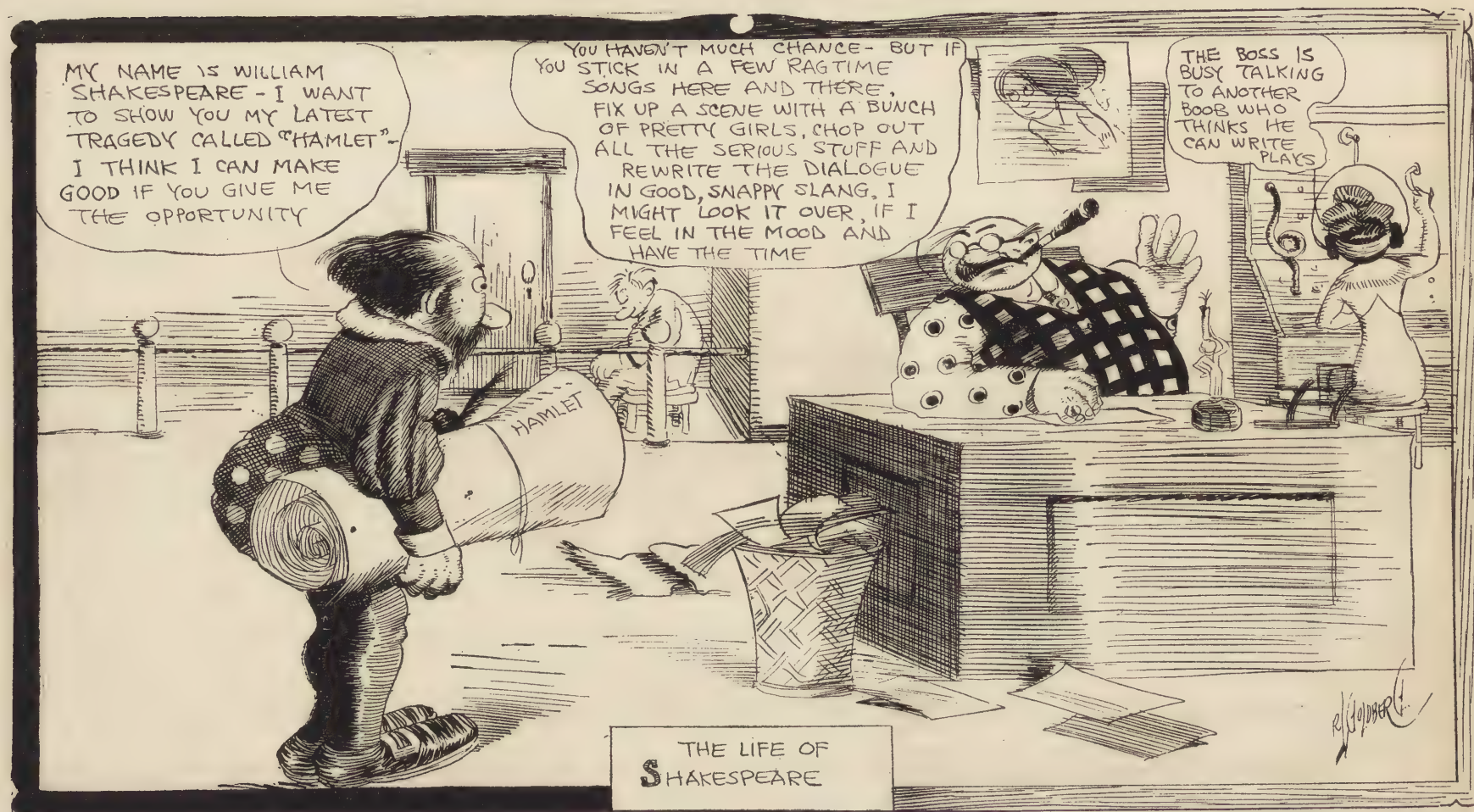


HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



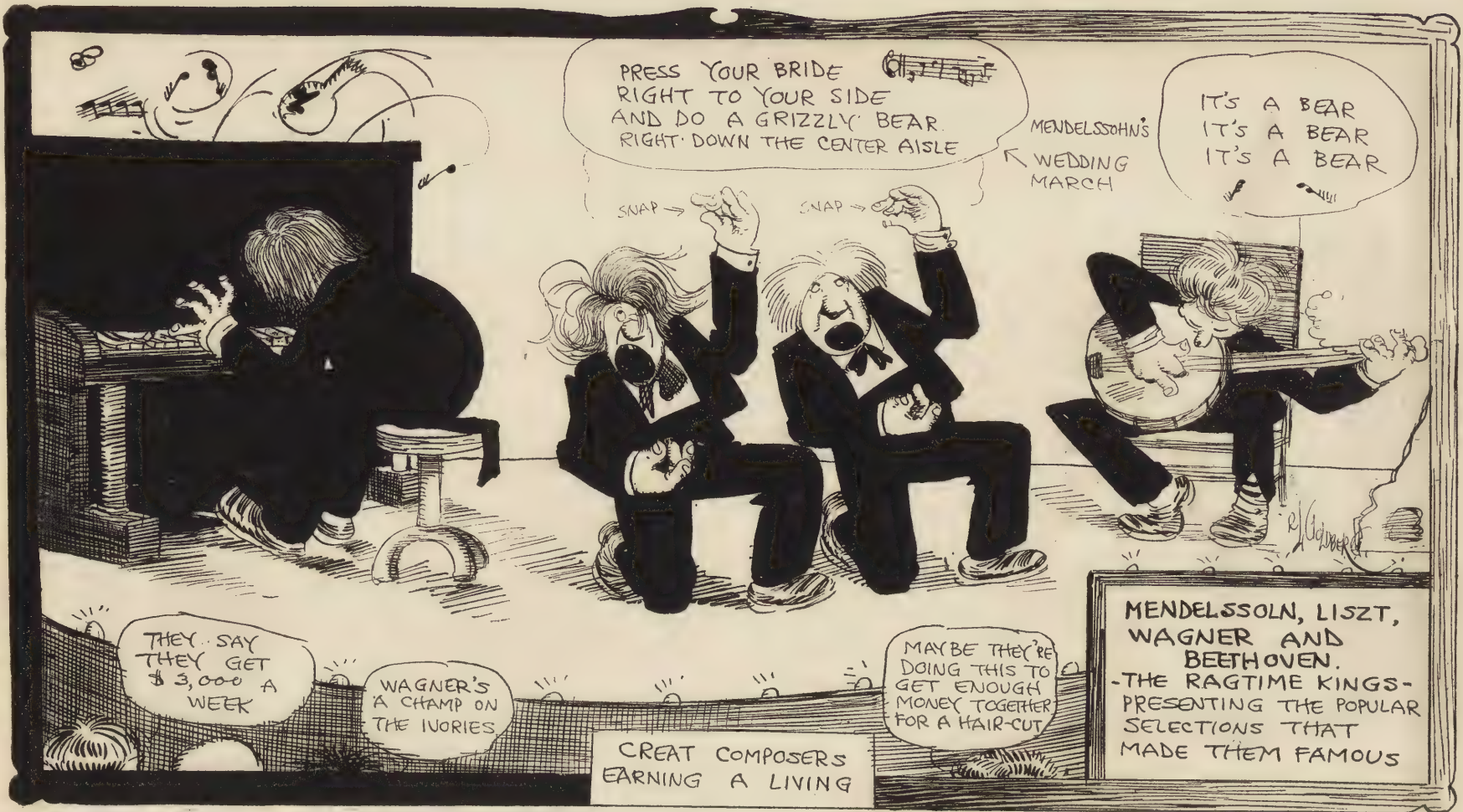


HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME

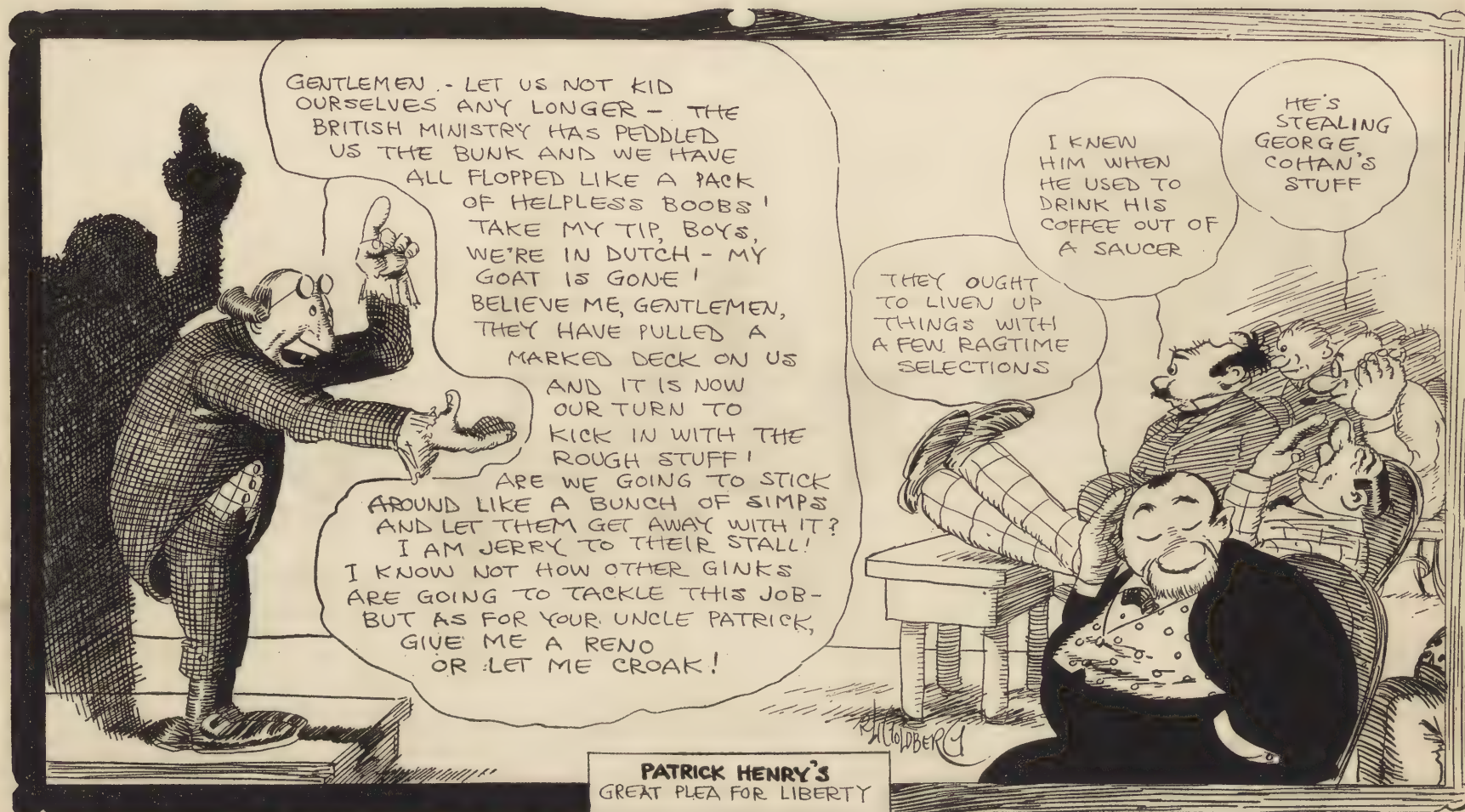


HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME





HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



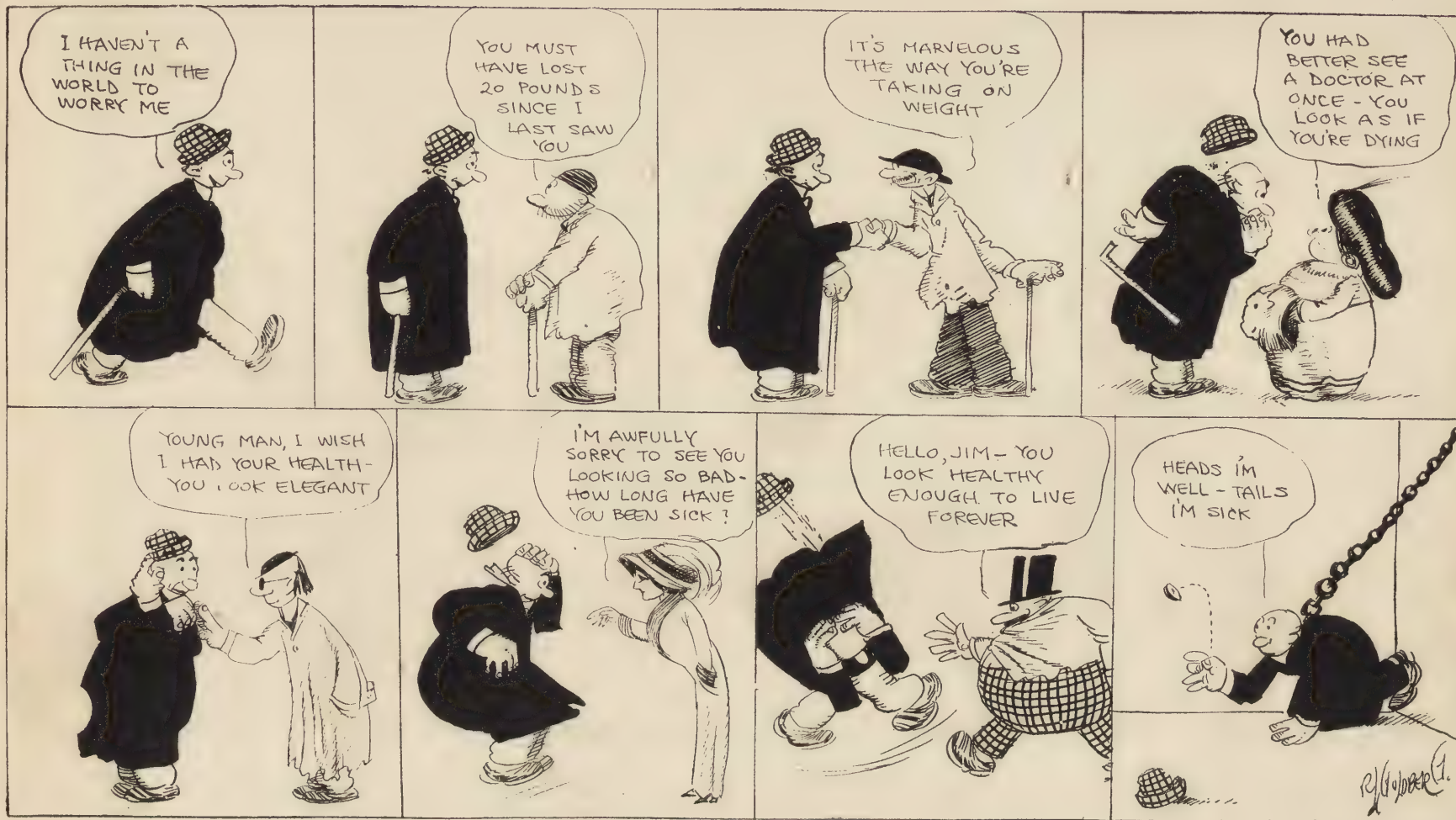


YOU CAN'T GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING — NOT EVEN A FEW KIND WORDS



DIVIDE EVERYTHING YOU READ BY TEN — AND THEN YOU'RE WRONG





AT THAT, YOUR FRIENDS MUST SAY SOMETHING WHEN THEY MEET YOU



THE SIX MOST UNPOPULAR MEN ON EARTH



## Lingo Expert Visits Office

We were just struggling around the office in the throes of a delirium of oblivion yesterday afternoon when in walks a bulky gentleman clad in a red sweater, a dinky cap and other articles of wearing apparel that bespeak high-class pugilism.

"Ah!" we thought, "here is a messenger from the gods. He will save our unsullied young reputation with a big news item." We bade him enter, and he lurched right into the middle of his business without any preliminary stalling. Here is what he shot over:

"Get me, cull, get me. Don't take me for a Joe Magee trying to horn in with the soft stuff. I took it on the Arthur Duffy from right field to slip you the jerry on a big number. I'm holding the cards, see! I'm no shilaber. Am I delivered? Don't get huffy; don't get huffy. I'll bet the limit. Just keep your feet close to the pavement:

"I'm Tuesday to the pen junk. No, I haven't been flirting with the bamboo. While I'm not wearing any wings on my benny, still I'm three sheets in the wind and rigged to travel to the last island in the ocean with any Philip who wants to lean against the leather.

"I just yegged a couple of coppers on the way up to limber up my lunch hooks.

"Say, Monk, pipe my alcove. Get hep, get hep! Don't glim me for a Romeo. Make my Webster! Take a Brodie and ease me a rumble. I'm the guy that put the alkali in the desert. Cheese! Cheese! Nix on the Eden Musee stuff. Give me a Dr. Cook and flash the type. I'm hunk on Johnson.

"Pipe while I Weston myself to the nearest duck soup cave. Bloughie!"

When we awoke our pugilistic friend had went.





HELLO, LEM - YOU MUST COME UP TO MY HOUSE THIS EVENING AND GET A REAL HOME DINNER - NOTHING FANCY BUT EVERYTHING GOOD AND NOURISHING



NOW, LEM, DON'T BE BASHFUL - THERE'S MORE SOUP OUT IN THE KITCHEN



JUST ACT AS YOU WOULD IN YOUR OWN HOME - TAKE A DOZEN SLICES OF BREAD

TRY AN ARMFUL OF THESE FISH CAKES - WE HAVE THEM FOUR TIMES A WEEK



DON'T BE SO SHY - I COOKED THESE LAMB CHOPS MYSELF

WHEN YOU FINISH THAT CUP, LEM, HAVE A FEW MORE - I BUY MY COFFEE WHOLESALE



THE APPLES IN THIS PIE COST ME 10¢ A PIECE - BUT NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR OUR GUESTS

WHILE THE WIFE IS WASHING THE DISHES WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE SMOKE - HERE, LEM, PUT TWENTY OR THIRTY IN YOUR POCKET



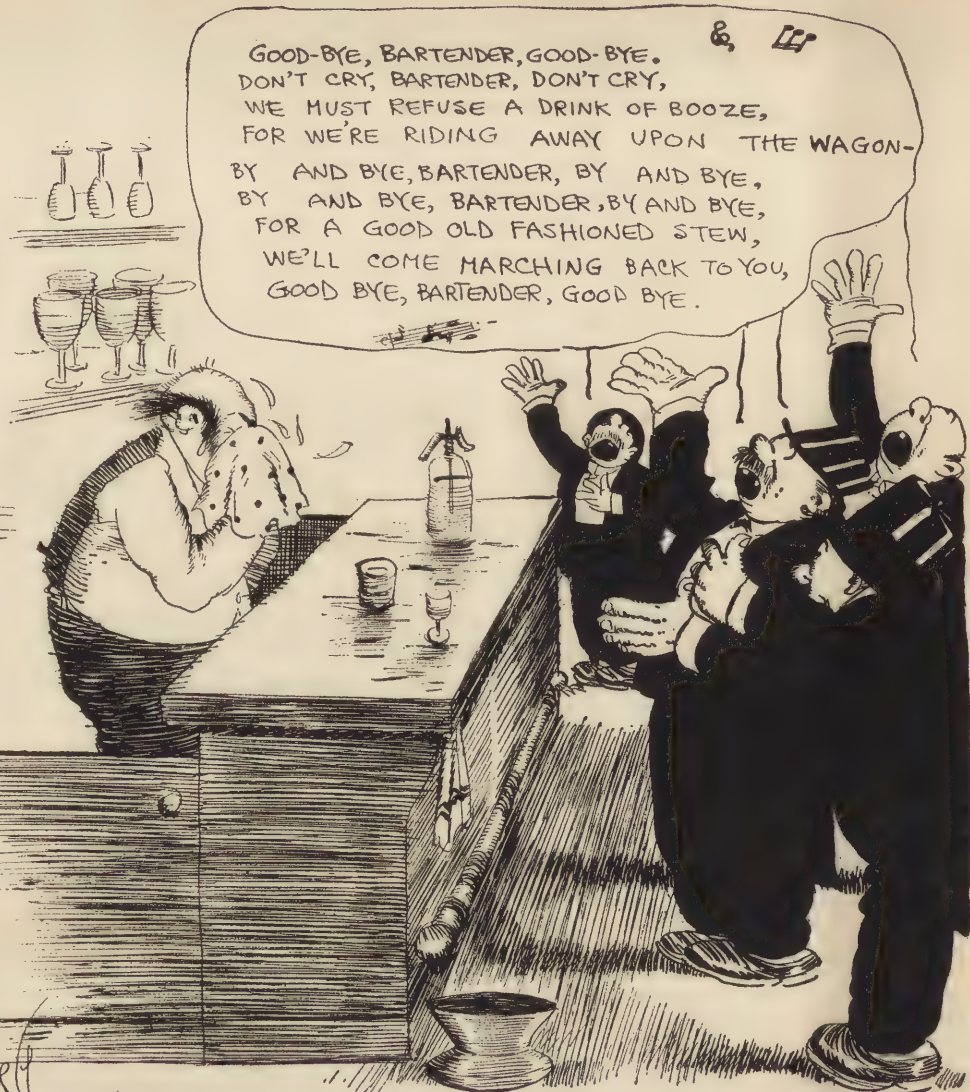
A PAIR OF EGGS WITH THE DOORS OPEN



HOSPITALITY IS A BEAUTIFUL THING, IF YOU ONLY TREAT IT KINDLY



TOUCHING FAREWELL OF A MAN  
WHO IS GOING TO STOP SMOKING  
ON THE FIRST.



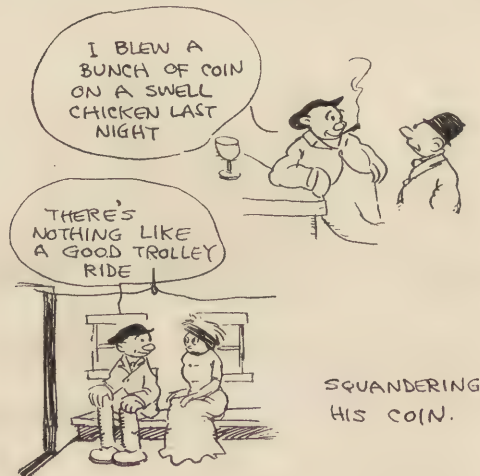
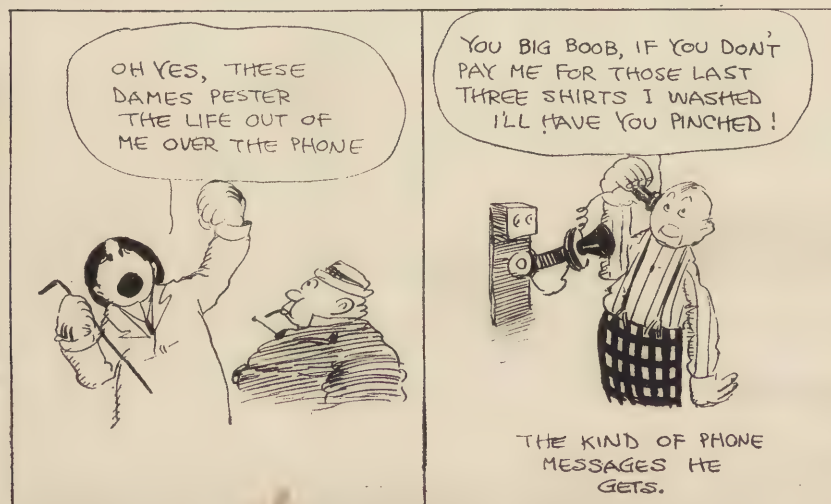
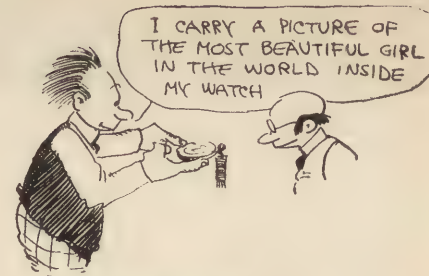
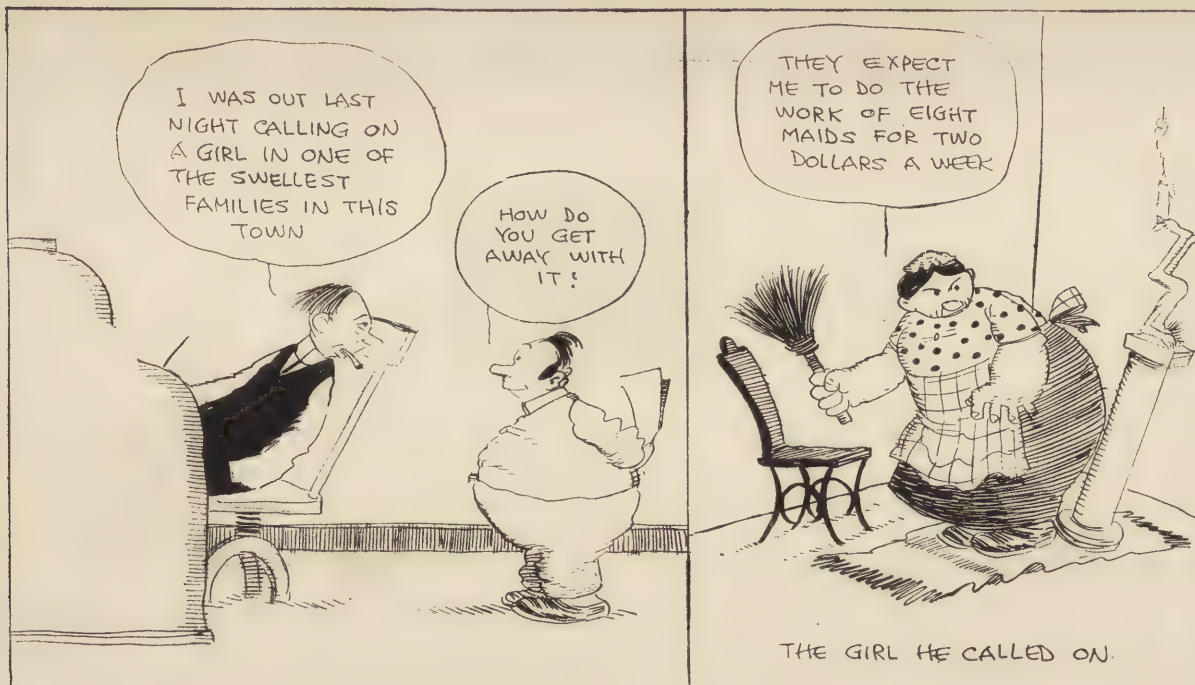
THE NEW YEAR SERENADE.

"OFF THE STUFF" OR "PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW"





IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT NOTHING, GO TO THE DEPOT



DON'T WASTE YOUR ENVY ON THE BUSH-LEAGUE ROMEOS



# The Philanthropist — A Play

By J. PHILLIP ONION

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN T. SOUPLADLE, clubman.  
SAMUEL CHEESECLOTH.  
JOEL ROSEWOOD.  
SHOEMAKER.  
FLORIST.  
PERFUMER.  
PIANO TUNER.  
GAS MAN.  
TOMPKINS, Soupladle's valet.

DUMB-WAITER.  
CLOTHES CHUTE.  
FLOOR.  
CEILING.  
WALLS.  
CARPET.  
TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.  
TRADESMEN.

SCENE: *Library of Soupladle's apartment.*

Soupladle is discovered lying on the floor reading the telephone directory.

SOUPLADLE (*to an empty chair*): After all, there's no companion like a good book. (*Knock on door.*) Come in. (*Enter Cheesecloth, tailor*)

CHEESECLOTH: I have come to collect \$76.55 for the fancy vest I made you in the fall of 1892.  
(*S. rings bell. Enter Tompkins.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, throw this gentleman down the dumb-waiter.  
(*Exit Tompkins and Cheesecloth struggling.*)

SOUPLADLE (*to wall paper*): As I was saying, literature is to life what smothered onions are to a steak. (*Knock on door.*) Come in. (*Enter Joel Rosewood, furniture dealer.*)

ROSEWOOD: Either pay me my \$824.97 or give me back my dining-room set.  
(*S. presses button. Enter Tompkins.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, push this gentleman into the clothes chute.

(*Exit Tompkins and Rosewood battling.*)

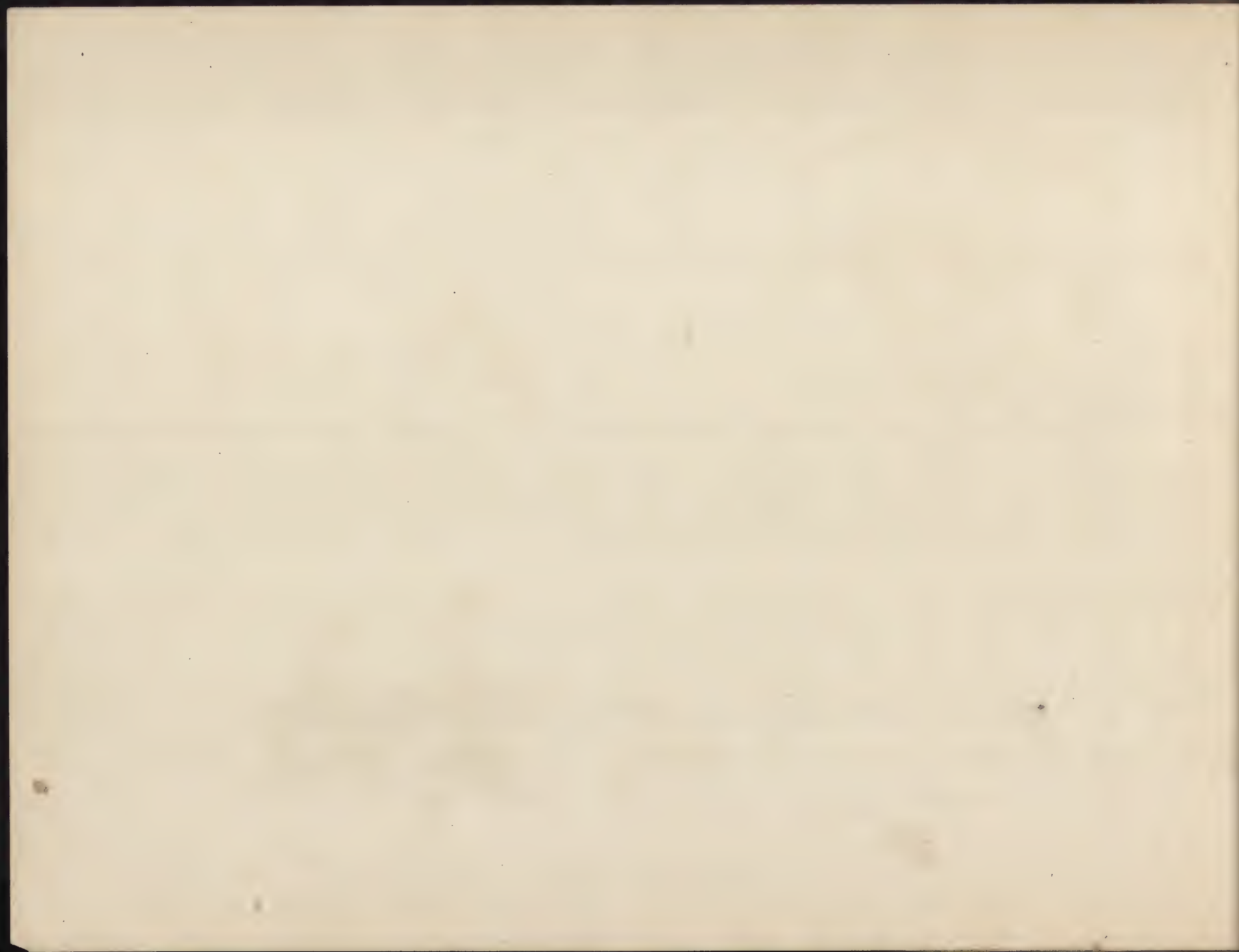
SOUPLADLE (*to cuspidor*): Shakespeare was the Wolgast of his day.  
(*Violent noise outside. Door bursts open. Enter shoemaker, florist, piano tuner, gas man, butcher and twenty other tradesmen.*)

TRADESMEN (*in chorus*): We want our money!  
(*S. presses button. Enter Tompkins.*)

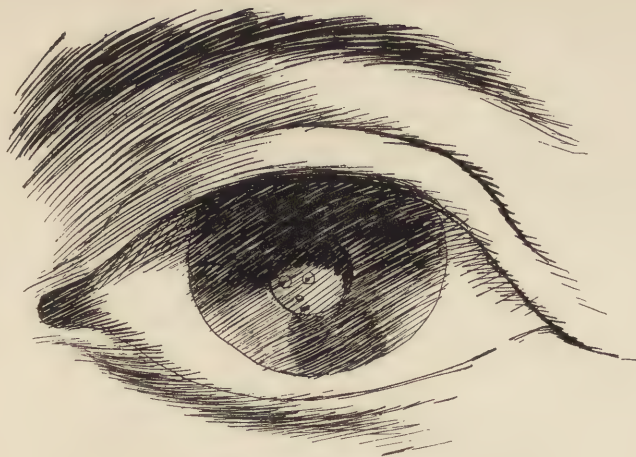
SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, give these gentlemen the Degree of the Loose Plank.  
(*Tompkins pulls lever on wall, floor opens and tradesmen disappear.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, bring me my hat, coat, gloves and cane. I will be late for my lecture on "The Uplift of the Working Classes" before the Society for the Emancipation of Labor.

CURTAIN







PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN'S EYE.

NOW, WE CAN CALL  
OUR CONCERN "THE  
CONSOLIDATED TOOTH-  
PICK COMPANY OF  
AMERICA" AND IN-  
CORPORATE FOR  
\$60,000,000



SHE'S  
A QUEEN!

TRANSACTIONING AN IMPORTANT  
BUSINESS DEAL AT LUNCH.

R. Golden

VENUS HAS  
NOTHING ON  
THAT BROILER

I'LL BORROW  
THIS WATCH  
FOR TEN OR  
TWENTY  
YEARS

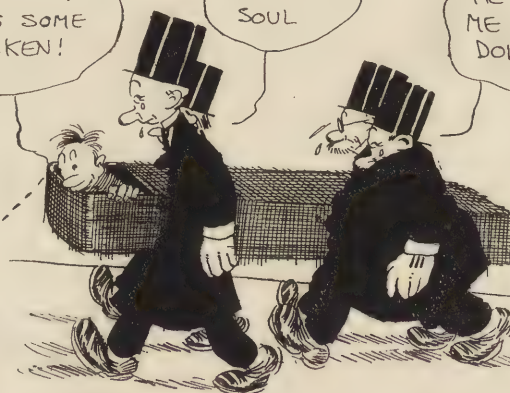


MAN'S ADMIRATION OF THE FAIR SEX  
HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS  
OF MAN'S A GOOD WATCH

BELIEVE ME,  
THAT'S SOME  
CHICKEN!

HE WAS  
A GOOD  
SOUL

HE OWED  
ME SIX  
DOLLARS



ONE LAST LOOK.

FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, FIRST IN THE EYES OF HER COUNTRYMEN



MRS. SARDINE'S  
RECIPES.

PRUNE OMELET:-

TAKE ONE YOUNG  
PRUNE AND SLAP IT IN THE  
FACE WITH A DILL PICKLE -  
TALK TO IT FOR TEN MIN-  
UTES, ADD AN ARMFUL OF  
KINDLING WOOD AND SOAK  
IN CHLOROFORM -  
SWEETEN WITH HORSE-  
RADISH AND SERVE WITH  
A BICYCLE PUMP.



MME. LA MOLE'S BEAUTY HINTS

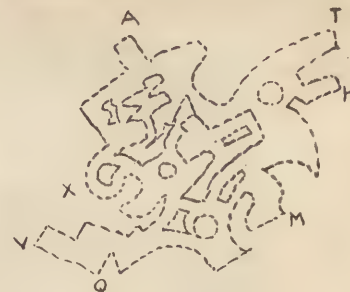
FILL A COAL SCUTTLE WITH WHITE-  
WASH AND COMPLETELY SUBMERGE  
THE FACE- REMAIN THIS WAY FOR  
TWO HOURS AND YOU WILL NOT BE  
ABLE TO RECOGNIZE YOURSELF.

HOME REMEDIES



ALWAYS  
KEEP AN AXE  
IN THE HOUSE  
IN CASE OF  
SICKNESS -  
SEVERAL SHARP  
TAPS ON TOP  
OF THE HEAD WILL  
REMOVE ALL SYMPTOMS -

IT IS ALWAYS WISE TO  
LIVE IN A NEIGHBORHOOD  
CONVENIENT TO AN  
UNDERTAKING PARLOR.



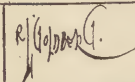
THE MATTEAWAN SHIRTWAIST.

LAY DESIGN OVER A TURKISH  
TOWEL AND CUT ALONG  
DOTTED LINES - SOAK  
TOWEL IN MAYONNAISE  
SAUCE AND SHIRTWAIST  
IS READY FOR WEARING.



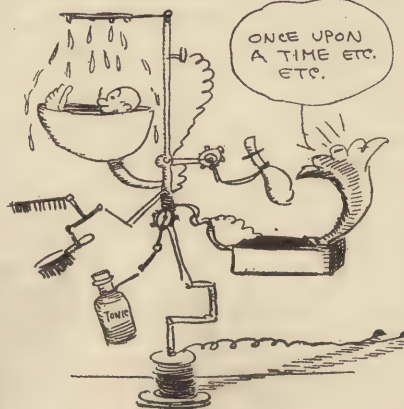
THE CUSPIDOR HAT

DON'T FORGET TO  
REMOVE ALL CIGARETTE  
AND CIGAR BUTTS BEFORE  
PUTTING ON THE HAT.



THE DAILY  
EXERCISE.

DRAG YOURSELF  
OUT OF THE HAY  
AT 6 A.M., WALK  
INTO THE PARLOR  
AND LIFT THE  
PIANO GENTLY  
FROM THE FLOOR -  
HOLD THE PIANO  
IN THE PALM OF  
THE RIGHT HAND  
ALL MORNING WHILE  
ATTENDING TO YOUR  
HOUSEHOLD DUTIES -  
THIS STRENGTHENS  
THE KNEES AND  
ELBOWS -  
IF YOU HAVE NO  
PIANO, AN AUTOMOBILE  
WILL DO.



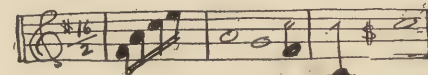
THE AUTOMATIC NURSE GIRL

TAKES EXCELLENT CARE OF THE  
BABY WHILE THE FOLKS ARE OUT  
ATTENDING A DOG FIGHT.



THE IDEAL HUSBAND

GIRLS, THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND  
OF A MAN WORTH MARRYING -  
CORRAL A JOHN WHO WILL SMILE  
WHEN YOU SOAK HIM WITH A ROLLING  
PIN, WHO WILL HAND YOU ALL HIS  
SALARY AT THE END OF THE WEEK,  
WHO WILL WEAR THE SHIRTS YOU BUY  
FOR HIM, WHO WILL PLAY PINOCCHLE WITH  
YOUR AFFINITY AND WILL FALL IN FRONT OF A  
STREET CAR AFTER TAKING OUT HEAVY INSURANCE.



JULIA'S LULLABY

IT'S GONNA BE DARK TONIGHT TONIGHT,  
IT'S GONNA BE DARK TONIGHT,  
AND IF IT IS DARK TONIGHT TONIGHT  
IT WILL SURELY BE DARK TONIGHT.

GIRLS, DON'T OVERLOOK THE LADIES' PAGE

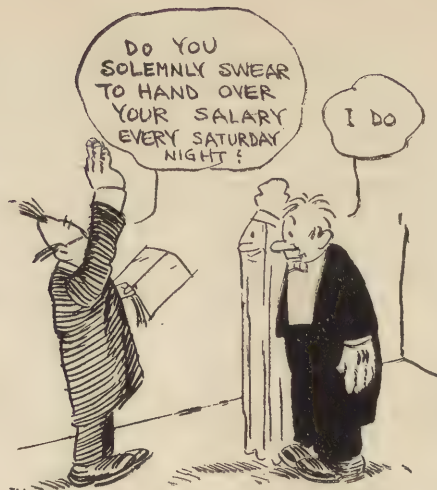




YOU DO THE ROMEO ACT  
BEFORE YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN ARITHMETIC AND GEOGRAPHY—



WHEN YOU ARE OLD  
ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER  
YOU ARE HANGING AROUND  
THE STAGE DOOR WAITING TO  
SPEND YOUR OLD MAN'S COIN  
ON A SWELL PRIMA DONNA—



THEN THE "REAL" ONE COMES —  
ALONG AND YOU SIGN  
ARTICLES TO A FINISH—



BELIEVE,  
ME, SHE'S  
SOME KID!

AND, AFTER THAT, YOU WONDER WHY YOU  
PICKED OUT YOUR WIFE WHEN THERE ARE  
SO MANY SWELL QUEENS FLOATING AROUND—



I'LL LET YOU WEAR  
ALL THE CLOTHES LEFT  
BY MY FOUR OTHER  
WIVES

AS SOON AS YOU BECOME A  
WIDOWER, YOU FLOP RIGHT  
BACK INTO THE SAME GAME—

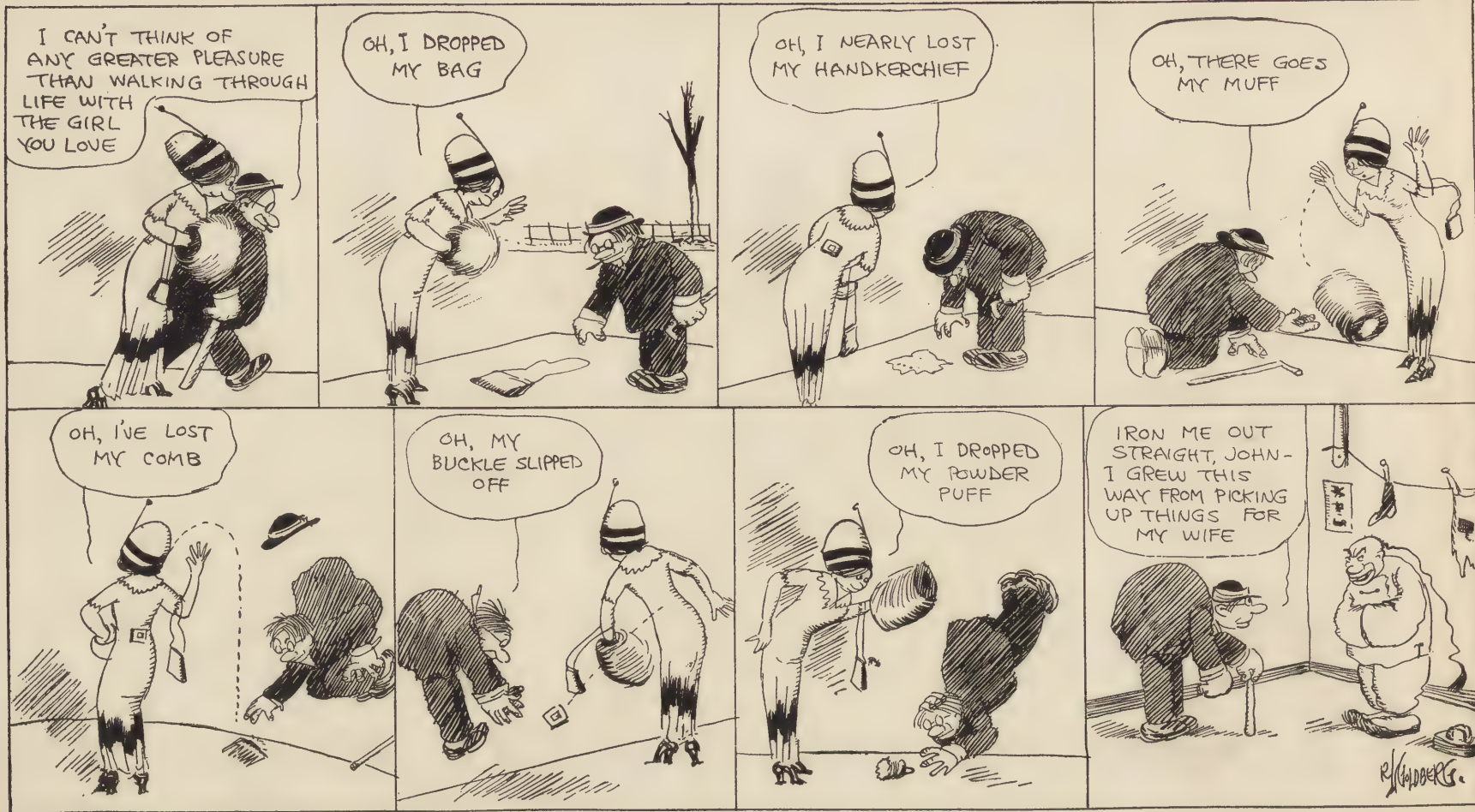


YOU HAVE  
THREE MORE  
MINUTES TO  
LIVE

YOU HAVE  
EYES JUST LIKE  
MY POOR OLD  
MOTHER'S

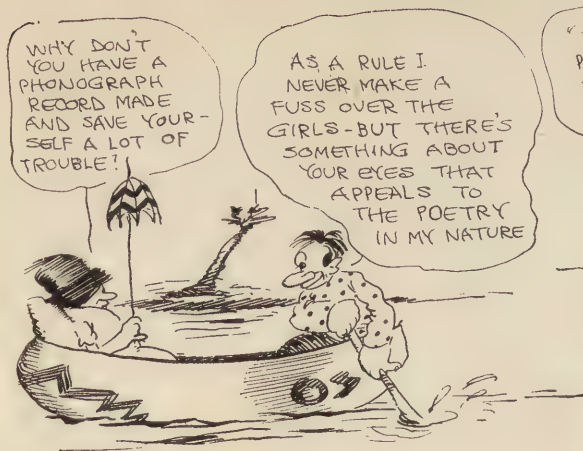
AND, LASTLY, WHEN THE UNDERTAKER  
IS DRIVING IN YOUR DIRECTION AT FULL  
SPEED, YOU ARE TRYING TO START  
SOMETHING WITH THE NURSE +

LIFE IS JUST ONE — GIRL AFTER ANOTHER!



EVEN THEN, YOU CAN'T GET SORE AT HER





WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A PHONOGRAPH RECORD MADE AND SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE?

AS A RULE I NEVER MAKE A FUSS OVER THE GIRLS - BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR EYES THAT APPEALS TO THE POETRY IN MY NATURE

HE DELIVERS THE SAME SPEECH 367 TIMES A WEEK



"FLOSSIE PLUSH, PITTSBURG" - THAT SOUNDS PROMISING

LOOKING OVER THE ARRIVALS



FOR THE LAST TIME I REPEAT - WE HAVE CHEESE LEMONADE, ONION ICE, TOMATO CAKE AND GLUE PUDDING

SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL THAT IF I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH YOU'D THINK I WAS LYING

HAS SHE GOT A SISTER!

THE ALL-ABSORBING TOPIC.



I THINK SHE'S GIVING ME A RUMBLE



DON'T HIT YOUR HEAD SO HARD - YOU MIGHT HURT THE HAMMER

ANYTHING TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE SUMMER QUEENS

EVERY TIME A NEW ONE ARRIVES SHE IS MET AT THE ENTRANCE BY ALL THE UNATTACHED MALE GUESTS



WELCOME TO OUR MODEST DWELLING

THIS WAY TO THE BEAR PIT

I HAVE EVERY EVENING OPEN THIS WEEK BUT WEDNESDAY

HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING ON FOR TWO WEEKS FROM THE TUESDAY AFTER NEXT?

GIRLS, PLUS GIRLS, TIMES GIRLS, MULTIPLIED BY GIRLS, EQUALS VACATION

# The Delirium — A Novel

BY WRIGHT JUNK

## CHAPTER ONE

Ammonia sat gazing out upon the moor. She did not hear the shrill cry of a lonely wolf. She was deaf.

## CHAPTER TWO

In a two-dollar-a-week hall room of a cheap New York lodging house, on a cold hard bed far removed from the better things of life, lay a thin young man in the throes of a delirium. He had smoked a campaign cigar.

## CHAPTER THREE

It was just twenty-seven days, six hours and forty-five seconds since gray-haired old Mrs. Brussels Sprouts, widow of Captain Sprouts, the gallant soldier who lost his life in the Battle of Finnan Haddie during the Civil War, sent her only son and sole support to the butcher's for three yards of frankfurters. Her eyes were red and her cheeks were sunken from long hours of watching for her boy.

"He must have eaten the sausage and died," she sobbed.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Ammonia was the sausage man's daughter and she wondered why Eric did not come. Her woman's intuition told her that he was in distress. She wished she could rush to his side.

But she knew not where to rush.

Suddenly a strong hand grabbed her by the ear. She felt herself being lifted by an unseen force into a quick-moving vehicle and whisked away to unknown regions.

When she awoke she was seated in front of a shabby piano, gazing at the title page of a piece of music which read, "Light of My Life, Come Home, Come Home, the Soup is Growing Cold."

She turned and saw her lover.

## CHAPTER FIVE

"Eric!" she cried.

"Ammonia!" he exclaimed.

They fell into each other's arms and then fell into a six-dollar ornament representing a dying gladiator.

## CHAPTER SIX

Eric and Ammonia were radiant.

They walked sixty-five miles out into the wilderness to break the news to Eric's mother. The old woman was still waiting at the window.

"Mother!" yelled Eric and as he dashed into the house and knocked over the hat-rack, "I have brought home my bride."

But his mother sat cold and motionless. The young folks were stupefied with horror.

"Speak, mother, for God's sake, speak!" cried the frantic son.

She replied, "Where is the sausage?"



I WANT TO GET A STYLISH  
STRAW HAT - DON'T SPARE  
ANY PAINS OR EXPENSE  
BECAUSE MY WIFE IS VERY  
PARTICULAR HOW I  
LOOK



I'LL HAVE TO  
CHISEL OFF  
THIS CORNER  
TO GIVE YOU  
A PROPER  
FIT



IF I REMOVE A PIECE  
OF YOUR BRAIN BY  
MISTAKE I'LL  
PUT IT BACK



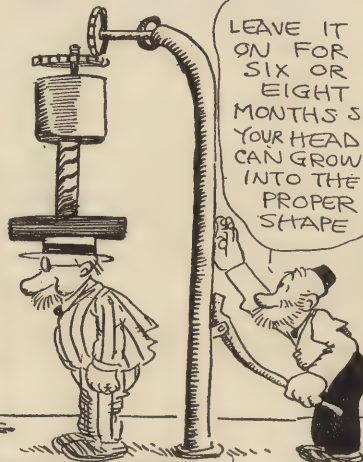
I CAN SMOOTHE  
OFF THIS SIDE WITH  
A FEW BLASTS  
OF DYNAMITE



I'LL HAVE TO FILL  
OUT THIS GROOVE  
WITH A LITTLE  
SAWDUST



LEAVE IT  
ON FOR  
SIX OR  
EIGHT  
MONTHS SO  
YOUR HEAD  
CAN GROW  
INTO THE  
PROPER  
SHAPE



THAT'S A BUM  
HAT - YOU MEN  
DON'T TAKE TIME  
TO SELECT  
SOMETHING  
BECOMING



YOU CAN GO THROUGH FIRE AND WATER TO PLEASE YOUR WIFE — AND THEN SHE ISN'T PLEASED



IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE POSTED ON ALL THE BIG CELEBRITIES





AREN'T SOME PEOPLE JUST TOO SOCIABLE FOR ANYTHING



ELIAS CRABFLAKE

MR. ELIAS CRABFLAKE, WHO FOR YEARS HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF THE CONSOLIDATED CHEESE CO., REMARKED WHILE EATING LUNCHEON WITH ME AT THE "LAST CHANCE",

"I ATTRIBUTE MY SUCCESS TO THE FACT THAT I BELIEVE IN PERSONAL ADVERTISING. I ACT LIKE A CHEESE, FEEL LIKE A CHEESE & LOOK LIKE A CHEESE."

MR. CRABFLAKE'S WORK IS COMPLETE - HE IS THOROUGHLY CHEESEY.



HON. JOHN A. LEATHERFACE

MR. JOHN A. LEATHERFACE THE PEANUT MAGNATE, STARTED HIS CAREER IN THE FOAM DEPARTMENT OF A BREWERY. HE IS A SELF-MADE MAN & LOOKS IT - HE SPENDS FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVERTISING AND IS PROUD OF IT -

MR. LEATHERFACE IS ALSO A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST. HE RECENTLY GAVE A KNIFE & FORK TO THE CITY FOR THE FOUNDATION OF A MUNICIPAL RESTAURANT.



MISS THERESA EGG

WOMEN ARE FAST BECOMING GREAT FACTORS IN THE ADVERTISING GAME - MISS THERESA EGG OCCUPIES A POSITION OF HONOR & RESPONSIBILITY IN A LARGE DELICATESSEN STORE MARKING PRICES ON FRANKFURTERS -

SHE IS A CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN AND SUPPORTS THREE EX-HUSBANDS AND A CAT.



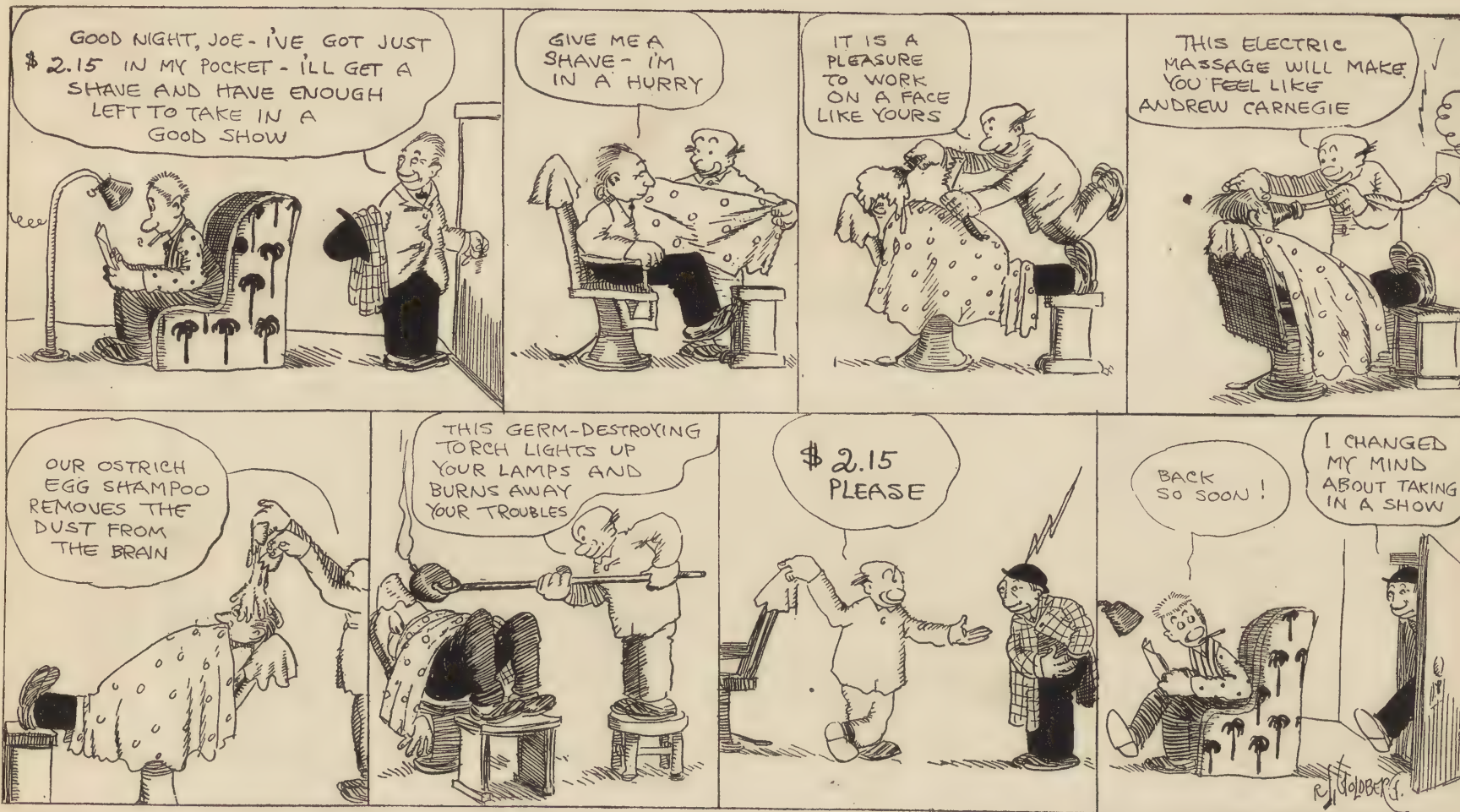
PROFESSOR SQUINT

ERIC SQUINT Z.X., PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DULUTH, SPEAKING OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING, SAYS,

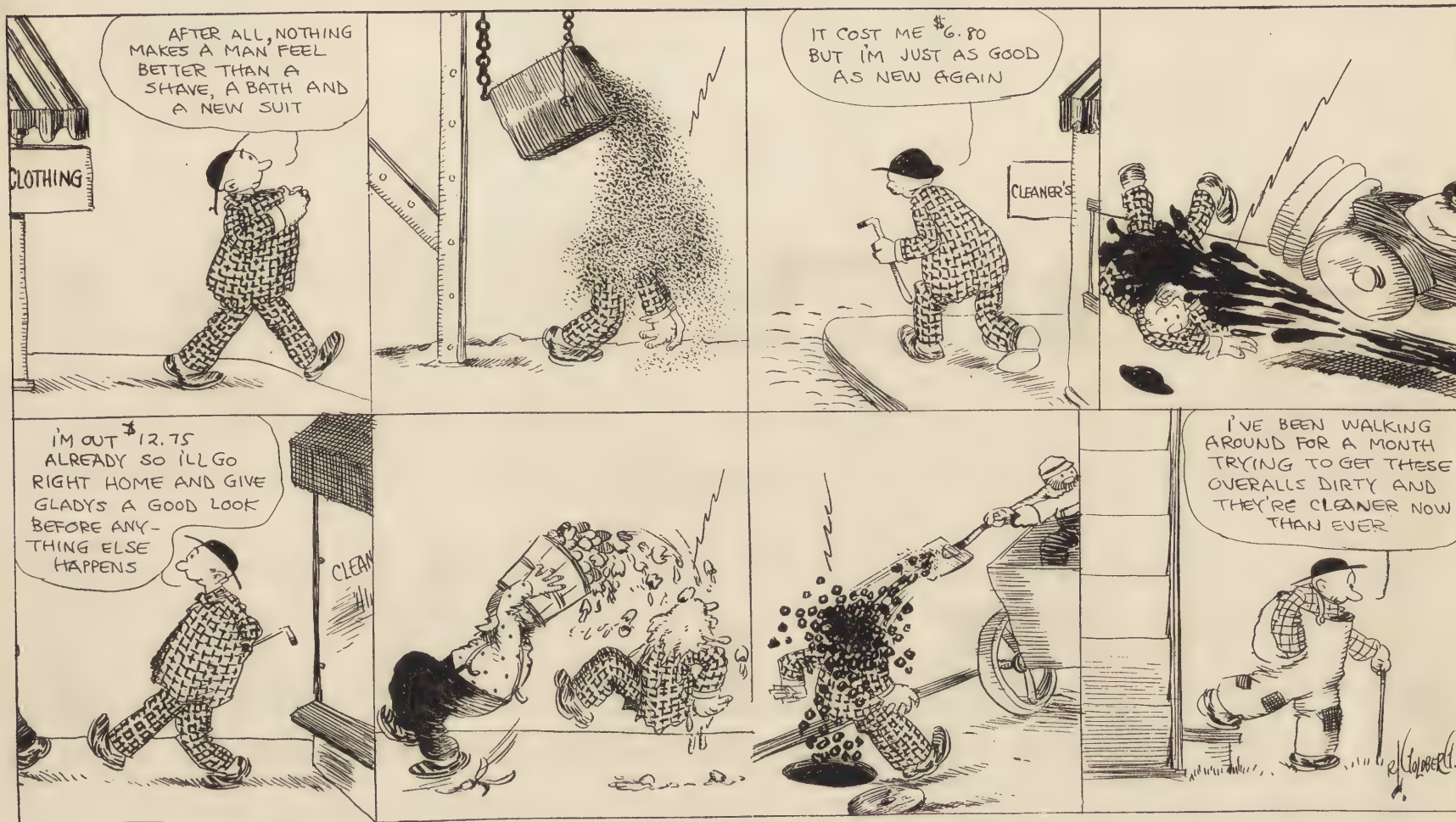
"HOW CAN YOU SELL AN ARTICLE UNLESS YOU LET PEOPLE KNOW YOU WANT TO SELL IT?"

IT TOOK THE PROFESSOR YEARS TO FIGURE THIS OUT AND ALL MERCHANTS SHOULD PROFIT BY IT - THE PROFESSOR IS INDEED A BRILLIANT SCHOLAR.





YOU HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT THE BARBER TO A PIECE OF LOOSE CHANGE



WHY DO NEW CLOTHES ALWAYS INSIST ON GETTING MUSSD?



I NOW TAKE GREAT PLEASURE  
IN PRESENTING THAT STALWART  
CITIZEN, JUDGE A.P. BANANA,  
OUR CANDIDATE FOR CHIEF OF  
THE BUREAU OF ASH CANS



THEY SAY  
HE WAS  
EDUCATED  
AT SING SING  
UNIVERSITY



THE ONLY BENCH THIS JUDGE  
EVER SERVED ON WAS LOCATED  
IN THE PARK.

I'M GLAD TO SEE  
YOU'RE BREATHING  
MUCH HEAVIER TONIGHT,  
CHIEF

CAN I HELP YOU  
TO SOME BIRDSEED,  
CHIEF?



A MAN WITH A TITLE ALWAYS  
MAKES A GOOD GUEST OF  
HONOR AT A BANQUE.

OH, GENERAL,  
IT MUST BE  
LOVELY TO  
GET SHOT



I DON'T  
KNOW--  
I WAS  
ONLY HALF  
SHOT



IF THIS "GENERAL" SAW A  
BULLET, HE'D THINK IT WAS  
A PILL AND SWALLOW IT

HELLO,  
DOC

HELLO,  
DOC

HELLO,  
DOC

HELLO,  
DOC



AND THEY  
KNOW VERY  
WELL THAT HE  
IS IN THE  
FISH BUSINESS.



ADMIRAL LUCIEN SWIVEL,  
WHO ASSUMED HIS TITLE  
BECAUSE HIS GREAT-GRAND-  
FATHER ONCE GOT A PAIR  
OF CARS FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

COLONEL SMITH  
COLONEL SMITH  
COLONEL SMITH  
COLONEL SMITH



HERE I AM



THE WORD "COLONEL"  
ONLY SIGNIFIES  
A MAN WITH A  
FUNNY HAT

IT'S HARD TO FIND A MAN WITHOUT A TITLE



THOSE PLAYERS  
COULDN'T MAKE  
GOOD IN THE  
STREET-CLEANING  
DEPARTMENT

I DIDN'T  
KNOW TAFT  
HAD HIS  
MUSTACHE  
SHAVED OFF

THE BIG MAN BUMMED.  
HIS TICKET OFF THE  
SPORTING EDITOR.



YOU'RE NOT A  
BARTENDER—  
YOU'RE A  
DRUGGIST

THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IS BUYING.



HAVE A  
SMOKE, OLD  
MAN

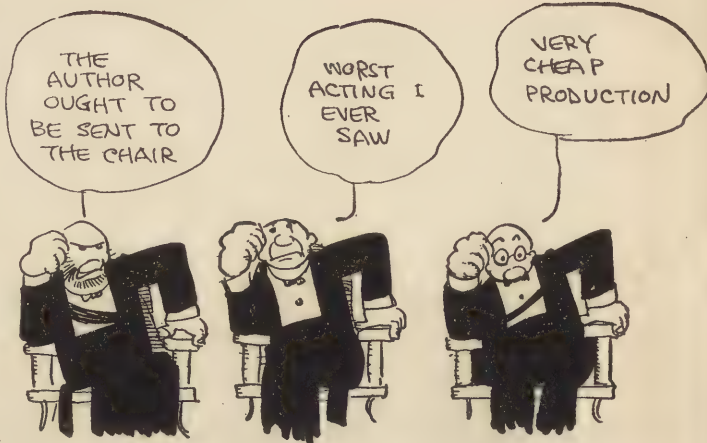
THE TOBACCO  
LOOKS VERY  
SUSPICIOUS

A COMMON GERM— THE  
FELLOW WHO CRITICISES  
A GIFT GIGAR

DELICIOUS

THE SERVICE  
HERE IS  
HORRIBLE

THE MAN ON THE LEFT  
IS BUYING



THE  
AUTHOR  
OUGHT TO  
BE SENT TO  
THE CHAIR

WORST  
ACTING I  
EVER  
SAW

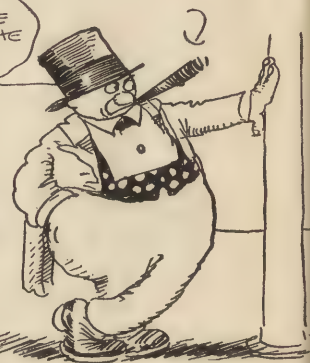
VERY  
CHEAP  
PRODUCTION

THE FREE-TICKET FIRST-NIGHTERS ARE  
ALWAYS THE FIRST TO THROW  
THE HARPOON INTO  
THE SHOW

DOES THAT FELLOW  
OWN THE THEATRE  
OR IS HE THE  
AUTHOR OF THE  
PLAY?

I GUESS HE  
WROTE THE  
BUILDING

THE MORE IMPORTANT  
THEY LOOK, THE  
OFTENER THEY  
GET IN FREE



WHY IS THE MAN WHO GETS IN FOR NOTHING, ALWAYS THE MOST CRITICAL?





SAY, GIRLS, ISN'T IT EXASPERATING!

## The White Hope

His face was drawn and haggard,  
The spark had left his eye,  
He drained his glass and cleared his throat  
And heaved a heavy sigh.  
As he began his story  
A hush fell on the throng,  
The notes that came from his dry throat  
Were like a funeral song.

"No. I don't want your pity,"  
He said in plaintive tones,  
"Although I am a wretched thing  
A bunch of skin and bones.  
My story's short and funny;  
You'll laugh, perhaps, my friends —  
It matters not the price I've paid,  
I cannot make amends.

"'Twas out in Dead Man's Prairie,  
Where the air is free and clean;  
My wife and I we owned a shack  
The finest ever seen.  
We branded all our cattle,  
And they were good ones, too —  
She cooked and washed and watched for me  
When my hard day's work was through.

"We lived just like two children  
In our kingdom in the sands;  
No joy like ours was ever felt  
When the preacher joined our hands.  
I weighed two-fifty, solid —  
Don't think I'm bragging, gents —  
Although the wreck before you now  
Is not worth thirty cents.

"I stood six foot in my stockings,  
I never touched a drop;  
When I had once made up my mind  
No man could make me stop.  
One day appeared a stranger  
He ate our frugal fare;  
Although the diamonds on his hands  
Would make a mummy stare.

"He said he was an expert  
In things of strength and brawn;  
He charmed us with his wondrous tales  
Till the birds announced the dawn.  
He told me I was fated  
To be a fighting man;  
I had the weight, the height, the reach  
And a healthy coat of tan.

"He said I'd make a million  
If I entered the boxing game —  
In a year or two I'd be a champ  
With a great and glorious name.  
I'd win Jack Johnson's title,  
A real White Hope was I;  
I shook his hand, then packed my grip  
And kissed my wife good-bye.

"He took me to the city  
And billed me far and nigh;  
I punched the bag and ran for miles,  
Just like a fighting guy.  
The papers ran my pictures;  
Reporters dogged my tracks;  
I saw my wealth piled to the sky  
In bulging silk-lined sacks.



"He matched me with a dead one,  
They said he was a lime;  
The fatal night at last arrived —  
What happened was a crime.  
Before I got my bearings,  
He hit me on the chin;  
He smashed my nose and bent my ribs  
And pushed my stomach in.

When his sad tale was finished,  
He pressed his aching head;  
He spied a sandwich on the bar  
And he fell over dead.

"I woke up two days later,  
My body writhed in pain;  
I sought my clever manager;  
My searching was in vain.  
I wrote my wife a letter,  
No answer came for me;  
I heard a sailor won her heart  
And took her out to sea."

SHALL I CALL  
UP A SURGEON  
AND TELL HIM  
TO AMPUTATE  
A WHITE CHIP  
FROM YOUR  
STACK?



**T**HE FELLOW  
THAT ALWAYS  
FORGETS TO  
ANTE

WHAT'S THE  
USE? I HAVEN'T  
HAD ANY LUCK SINCE  
MY WIFE ELOPED WITH  
A SAILOR - BOY,  
BRING ANOTHER  
DECK OF CARDS



**T**HE FELLOW THAT  
SACRIFICES TEN  
YEARS OF HIS  
LIFE EVERY TIME  
HE FAILS TO  
FILL A FLUSH

WHEN I SAW HIS  
\$9000 AND RAISED  
HIM \$50,000 HE  
KICKED HIMSELF IN  
THE CHIN AND  
FELL TO THE FLOOR  
UNCONSCIOUS



**T**HE FELLOW  
THAT TELLS  
ABOUT BIG GAMES  
IN WHICH HE SAT  
IN THE EARLY  
SEVENTIES.



**T**HE FELLOW  
THAT NEVER SPEAKS  
BUT SUFFERS  
INWARDLY

LET'S BET  
THE LIMIT AND  
KEEP THE  
RETAILERS  
OUT

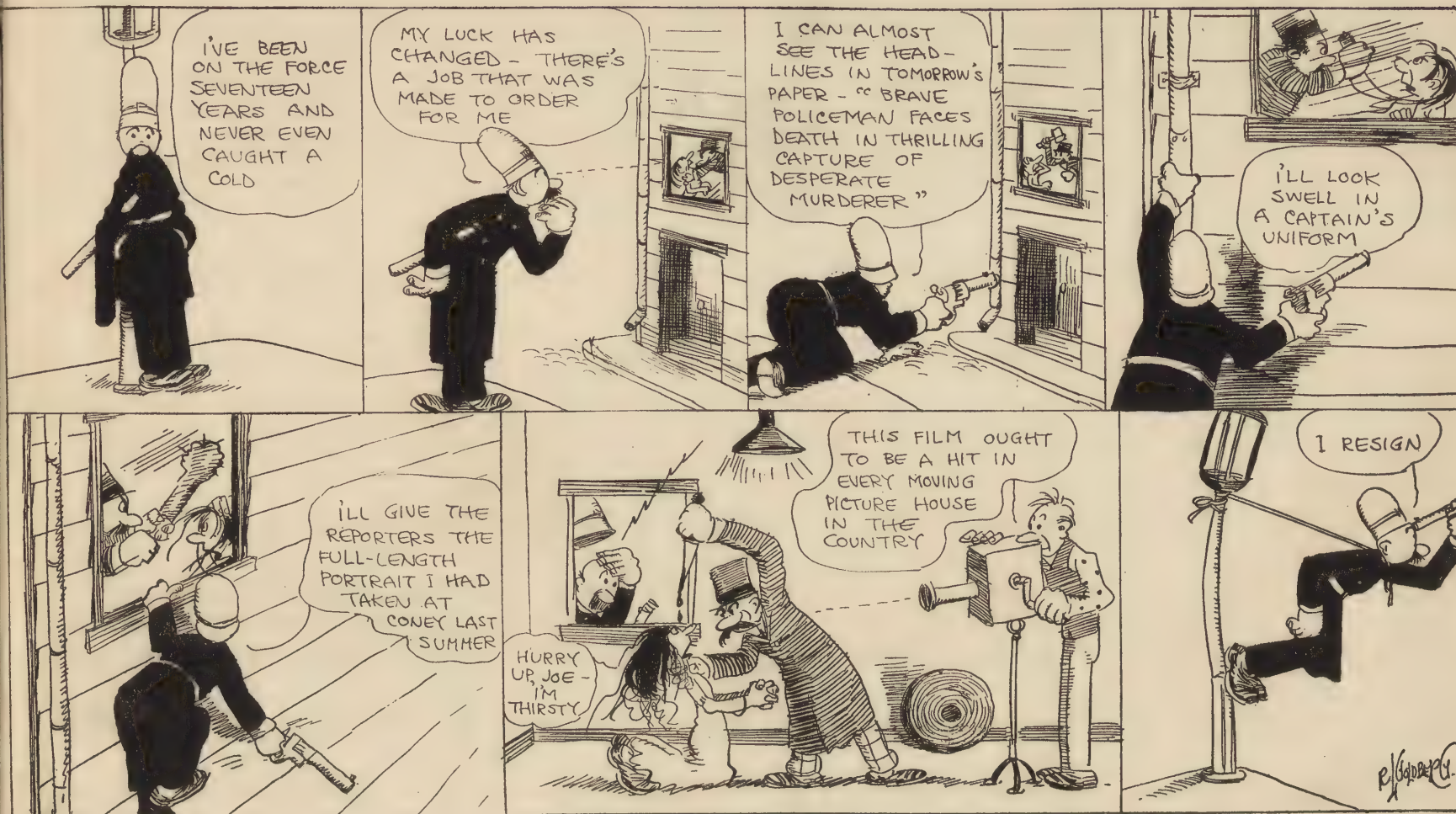


**T**HE BLUFFER.

R. GOLDBERG

# A POKER GALLERY

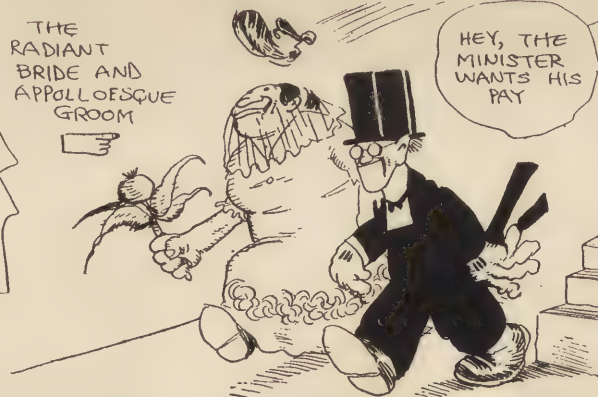




OH NO, A POLICEMAN'S LIFE ISN'T AS EASY AS IT LOOKS

"THE RADIANT BRIDE, WHOSE BEAUTY HAS CAPTIVATED TWO CONTINENTS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE APOLLOESQUE GROOM, LEFT AMID A SHOWER OF ORCHIDS"

THE RADIANT BRIDE AND APOLLOESQUE GROOM



HEY, THE MINISTER WANTS HIS PAY

"STUNNING ACTRESS SLAPS MILLIONAIRE'S FACE IN PUBLIC"

THE BEWITCHING LIMOUSINE COLDREAM, FOR LOVE OF WHOM THREE KINGS, TWO DUKES AND SIX BROKERS TOOK THEIR OWN LIVES, RESENTS INSULT OF ASH-CAN MAGNATE"

IF I DON'T DIG UP THE RENT SOME PLACE, I'LL HAVE TO DO MY COOKING ON THE SIDEWALK

THE STUNNING ACTRESS



"THE HEART-BROKEN MOTHER WAS AWARDED THE CUSTODY OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD"

"SHE WAS A CREDIT TO THE CAUSE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE - HANDSOME, CHARMING, TALENTED, EDUCATED WINSOME, STATUESQUE AND MAGNETIC"

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD



HER

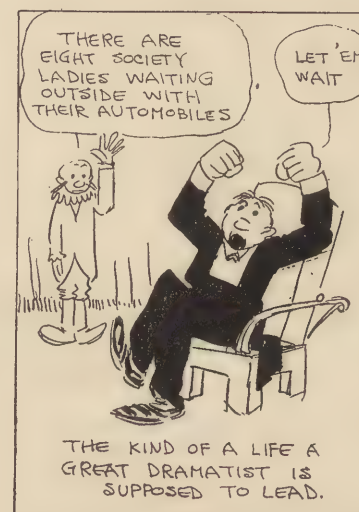
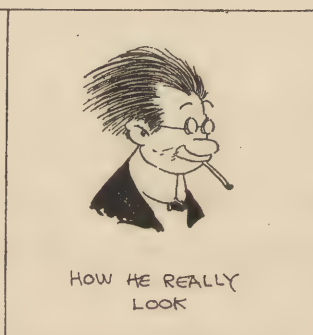
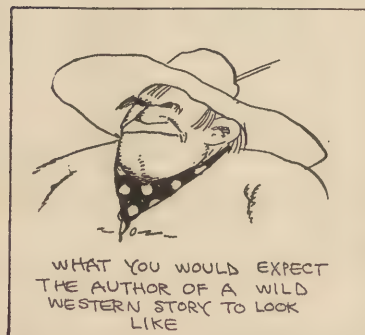
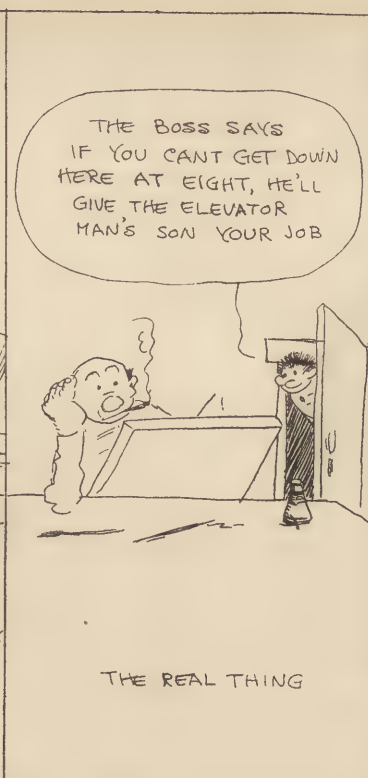


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD IN THE PAPERS





THAT'S RIGHT HERMAN — NEVER DOUBT YOUR MOTHER'S WORD



A LITTLE INSIDE INFORMATION



## I'm Just as Good as I Ever Was

The keeper took me by the arm,  
And showed me through the place;  
A vacant look was deeply stamped  
Upon each vacant face.  
He led me to the sporting ward;  
The nuts were crowded there,  
And every boob seemed happy, though  
It filled me with despair.

"The one in number seventeen,"  
Said the keeper, "used to be  
The champion lightweight of the world;  
His name is Spike McGee."  
I looked into his homely face  
And heard the poor nut say,  
"I'm just as good as I ever was,"  
And we hastened on our way.

"That wild-eyed boob in number four,"  
The good old keeper said,  
"Was fast and rugged years ago;  
He used to knock 'em dead."  
The poor simp mumbled to himself,  
But this is all I heard;  
I'm just as good as I ever was,"  
I hung on every word.

And farther down the daffy hall,  
The keeper pointed out  
A man who wrestled o'er the world,  
And never lost a bout.  
I gazed upon that shrunken rum,  
A tear dropped from my eye;  
"I'm just as good as I ever was,"  
He said — I saw him die.

And still the keeper led me on,  
Right through the boobyhatch;  
"That's Bughouse Bill upon your left,  
He never found his match."  
I offered Bill my hand right there;  
He didn't seem to see —  
"I'm just as good as I ever was."  
He mumbled unto me.

We met a million dippy guys,  
All champions in their day;  
I couldn't look upon them all —  
I turned my face away.  
In tennis, boxing, wrestling, golf,  
Each man once did excel —  
"I'm just as good as I ever was."  
They gave their college yell.

One thought he was a custard pie;  
One said, "I'm General Lee";  
One more said, "I'm a scrambled egg";  
One said, "I'm just a flea."  
But though each man was off his nut  
He knew enough to say,  
"I'm just as good as I ever was;  
I'm feeling great to-day."

I fled in terror from the place,  
My bosom throbbed with pain  
I envied all those lunatics —  
It's great to be insane.







SPRING

HOW FATHER CAN PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST SERIOUS INJURY WHILE CARVING THE TURKEY.

I'LL THROW A LITTLE CRANBERRY SAUCE DOWN TO FIRST IN A MINUTE



THE HOUSEWIFE SHOULD ALWAYS TAKE A CATCHER'S MITT TO THE TABLE WITH HER WHEN HUSBAND DOES THE CARVING.

THANKS DEAR- YOUR DELIVERY IS PERFECT

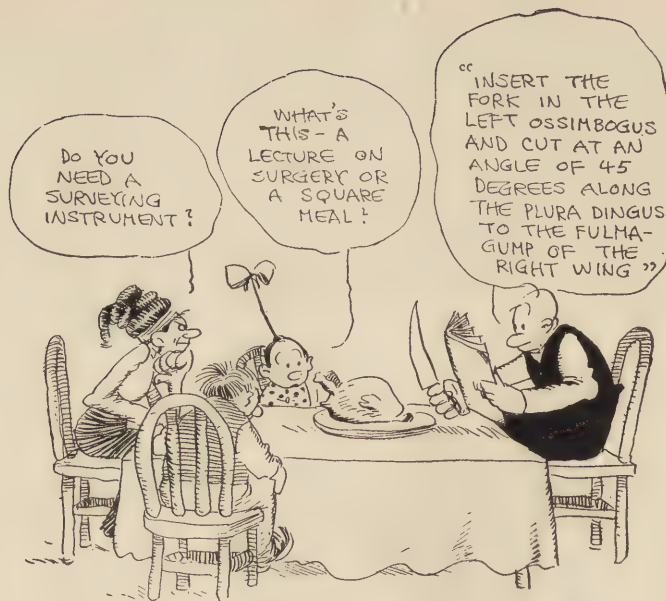


IT IS PATTERNED AFTER THE RENAISSANCE WITH A TOUCH OF THE NAPOLEONIC

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THE SPLASHONIC



DESIGN FOR DINING-ROOM WALL PAPER SO GRAVY SPOTS WON'T SHOW.



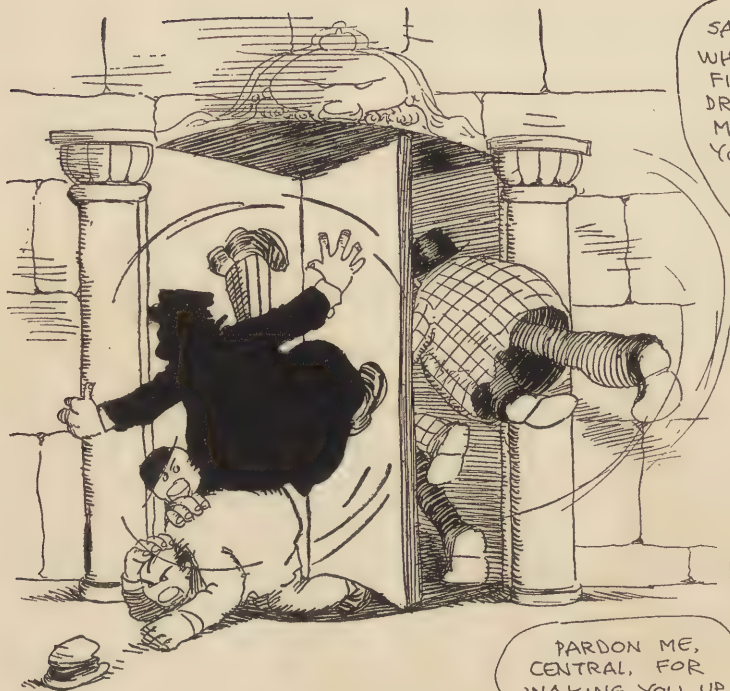
DO YOU NEED A SURVEYING INSTRUMENT?

WHAT'S THIS - A LECTURE ON SURGERY OR A SQUARE MEAL?

"INSERT THE FORK IN THE LEFT OSSIMBOGUS AND CUT AT AN ANGLE OF 45 DEGREES ALONG THE PLURA DINGUS TO THE FULHAGUMP OF THE RIGHT WING"

THERE OUGHT TO BE A PILE OF MONEY IN A BOOK ON CARVING

SURE, CARVING IS A SCIENCE JUST LIKE SURGERY AND PLUMBING



IF YOU ARE AN ACROBAT, YOU MAY POSSIBLY GET THROUGH ONE OF THOSE MODERN REVOLVING DOORS WITHOUT BEING MORTALLY WOUNDED.

PARDON ME, CENTRAL, FOR WAKING YOU UP



ANOTHER CONVENIENCE

SAY, NEIGHBOR WHEN YOU FINISH DRINKING OUR MILK, I WISH YOU WOULD RETURN THE CAN.



THE DUMB-WAITER. IS ANOTHER GREAT MONUMENT TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION

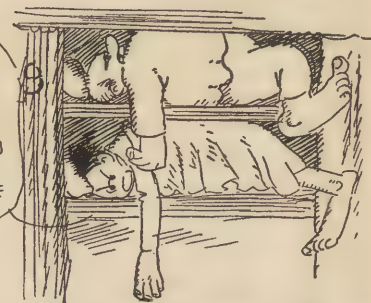
YOU WILL FIND MY WATCH IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND VEST POCKET

THIS OUGHT TO FIT MY FATHER



AND THE HAT BOY IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE LIFE MORE ENJOYABLE.

I WISH I HAD SOME POISON TO TAKE



OUR GREAT GREAT GRAND-FATHERS NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO ENJOY THE PULLMAN CAR COMFORT

OH, YES, CIVILIZATION HAS MADE LIFE REALLY WORTH WHILE



FELLOW VOTERS, IF YOU ELECT THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE THE FOUNDATION OF THE CONSTITUTION WILL BE SWEEP AWAY AND THE COUNTRY PLUNGED INTO RUIN AND DECAY

MY FRIENDS, EVERY VOTE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE IS A NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF NATIONAL STABILITY

IF YOU ELECT THE FUSION CANDIDATE YOU TAKE THE TOOLS OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE WORKINGMAN AND THE BREAD OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

THE ELECTION OF THE SOCIALIST CANDIDATE WOULD MEAN DISGRACE TO THE NAMES OF OUR FOREFATHERS AND DESTRUCTION TO ENTERPRISE AND BUSINESS INTEGRITY



BUT STILL, AFTER EACH ELECTION, WE ARE ABLE TO SMILE AND HAVE OUR TROUSERS PRESSED AND EAT REGULAR FOOD AND CARRY A GOLD WATCH AND LOOK AT BUILDINGS AND GET SHAVED - SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE !

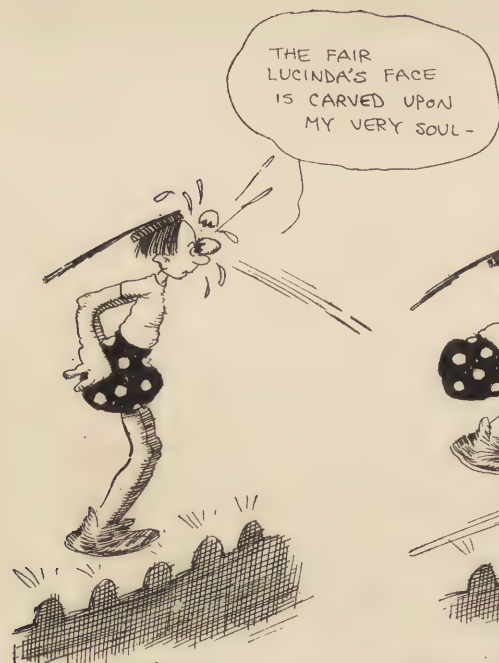
BEFORE EVERY ELECTION THIS OZONE-TOSSER MAKES ENOUGH TERRIBLE PREDICTIONS TO SCARE THE WHISKERS OFF A MAN'S FACE -

AND THIS AIR-SHOOTER PAINTS A WORD PICTURE AWFUL ENOUGH TO MAKE A VOTER AFRAID TO BE ALONE WITH HIMSELF -

AND THIS CHIN-MUSICIAN FRIGHTENS THOUSANDS OF BOOBS INTO THE UNDERTAKING PARLOR -

AND THIS WIND-JAMMER GIVES HIS LISTENERS THE JIM-JAMS AND THE WILLIES -

### THE POLITICAL SCARECROWS



THEY ALWAYS COME BACK FOR MORE



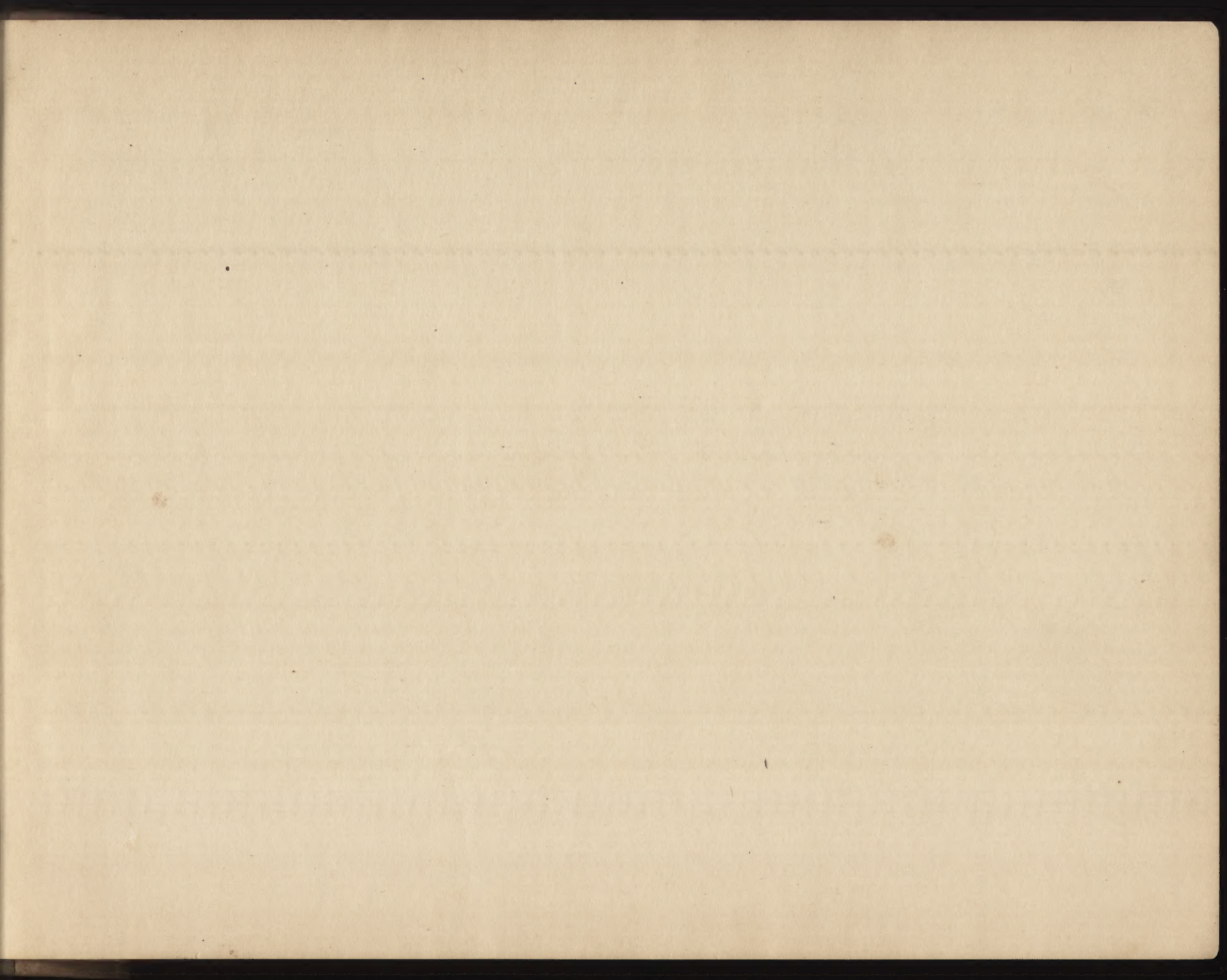


AFTER ALL, A WOMAN IS ONLY A WOMAN



THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS  
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.











Special

91-B

32833

THE GETTY CENTER  
LIBRARY



